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The Week

CONTRARY to almost everyone's expectations, the European Powers concerned with non-intervention in Spain at last agreed to permit no more volunteers for either side and to establish a patrol which will intercept shipments of arms and military supplies. During the week ending February 23 both loyalists and rebels engaged in one of the most extensive battles of the war this far, a battle described by some correspondents as likely to be decisive. . . . Great Britain startled the world by announcing that she would spend about \$7,500,000,000 on armament during the next five years, nearly half of it on her navy. Holding this threat in one hand, Anthony Eden held out the other to Hitler with a new expression of desire for a Western European mutual-assistance pact to replace Locarno. The United States gave indications of planning to match British naval expansion—a procedure regarded with approval in London. . . . Finland appeared to be completing a reorientation of policy away from Berlin and toward Moscow, while the Soviet government continued her wooing

of the Baltic states. In Rumania, formerly at least a reputed Russian ally, a political battle was being waged against the growth of Nazi and fascist influence. . . . The apparent conflict between military and civilian forces of government continued in Japan.

IN THE United States the President pushed his Supreme Court plan by conference with congressional leaders and addresses by administration spokesmen, while popular support began to rally with the announcements that the plan is favored by Labor's Nonpartisan League, the A.F. of L., farm organizations and other bodies representing that part of the electorate which voted for Mr. Roosevelt last November. Professional support to offset the views of conservative lawyers came from authorities in law schools, the new Lawyers' Guild and prominent educators. . . . A special message to Congress introduced the long discussed measure for crop insurance, beginning with wheat. The plan is roughly to save up surplus crops in good years to be sold in years of drought—with no price guarantee. . . . Sit-down and other strikes spread about the country, the most prominent being in the Fansteel plant at Waukegan, Illinois. Governor Hoffman of New Jersey, whose previous claim to note had been his meddling with the Lindbergh case, announced that he would eject sit-downers with bloodshed if necessary, while the CIO prepared to organize the non-union plants in northern New Jersey. The United Mine Workers began to confer with the bituminous operators, and also took steps to expel from membership William Green, A.F. of L. president, because of his opposition to the motors strike. . . . Senator Pittman introduced a neutrality bill embodying a number of the policies favored by The New Republic.

IF THE international blockade against military aid to Spain actually proves effective—there are some observers who keep their fingers crossed—it may mean that the internal struggle is entering its decisive phase. Thus far the loyalists have fought the rebels to something like a standstill and have earned for the government the moral advantage of having withstood the most savage thrusts that Franco's Moors, Germans and Italians could launch. On

Tuesday, February 23, the major armies were still deadlocked in a struggle for possession of the Valencia road south of Madrid. Assuming that outside aid is cut off, ultimate victory in the war will depend upon reserves of manpower, in which the government has the definite advantage; upon present stocks of war materials and general supplies plus control of factories for future replacements, in which the government is probably at a heavy disadvantage now but may later come close to parity through control of the industrial centers in Barcelona and Madrid; and upon the imponderables, which would surely appear to favor the loyalists rather than the imported fascist mercenaries. Medical facilities are a prime need of the government forces and from the American Friends of Spanish Democracy comes heartening news of the formation of an American Writers' and Artists' Ambulance Corps. Ernest Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis are actively aiding in getting the group together, and others who have given their support include Edna Ferber, George S. Kaufman, Upton Sinclair, Countee Cullen, Van Wyck Brooks and Archibald MacLeish. The stand these writers take parallels that ultimately taken by the noted Spanish intellectual leader and rector of the University of Salamanca, Miguel de Unamuno. At the outset of the civil war Unamuno was widely publicized as favoring the rebels, but authentic news has now reached America that before his death Unamuno not only recanted this stand but supported the loyalists so vigorously that he was deposed from his rectorship and was in danger of actual execution by the fascist forces who controlled Salamanca.

THE Manchester Guardian is regarded as one of the best liberal newspapers not only in England but in the world; its opinions are always carefully weighed. The Guardian's explanation of the President's Court proposal for its English readers is more enlightening than most of those to be found in American newspapers, and we therefore reproduce it in part:

In a large number of cases there is unanimity on the bench, but whenever it comes to a serious constitutional issue there is invariably a majority of six to three or five to four. The reason for this difference among lawyers arises because they are called upon to interpret words like "property," "contract" and "liberty," which depend not on legal training but on political philosophy. An American writer has put forward the analogy of a state which has accepted the Ten Commandments as its written Constitution and inquired, for example, how lawyers could be expected to deal impartially with a capital levy in the light of the precept "Thou shalt not steal." Obviously in such cases, as one of the present nine judges confessed, "the only check upon our exercise of power is our sense of self-restraint." In effect the Supreme Court has become a Third Chamber with the power to veto but not to originate, and in the name of freedom of contract and of property rights the six conservative judges have sought to establish a static society. Undoubtedly in many ways the Court is a valuable institution, but it is clearly a wrong principle

that the future life of the American workers should be allowed to hang on the social predilections of a few elderly lawyers. To manage a delicate and aged mechanism like the American Constitution requires judges with a point of view that is in touch with the social needs of the day. Mr. Roosevelt's proposals are, indeed, constitutional and democratic rather than partisan, because, if accepted, they will give the Presidents who come after him a more frequent opportunity to leaven the Court with men whose views accord with those of the American people as expressed at the elections.

THE Sheppard-Hill bill, "to prevent profiteering in war and to equalize the burdens of war and thus provide for the national defense and promote peace," contains several dubious clauses. Chief of these is that which gives the President power to proclaim "government control" over such "material resources, industrial organizations and public services" as he determines during a war "or national emergency declared by Congress." This is so broad and so loosely worded that if Congress declared a strike like the auto sit-down a "national emergency," the President would have absolute and dictatorial power over all labor: and, in times of war, it could be interpreted to authorize labor conscription. Two other bills now pending contain this section without the words "or national emergency" and with a proviso that it shall not be interpreted to mean the conscription of labor. These changes should be made in the Sheppard-Hill bill.

STEEL executives have been anticipating with considerable misgiving the day when the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee will lay upon their laps the demand for recognition of its industrial union as the sole bargaining agency for the industry. They little expected to face that issue at a gala party planned for and by themselves. On February 15 some 400 industrialists, bankers and various other leaders of the business community gathered at the Schenley Hotel in Pittsburgh as dinner guests of the Falk Foundation, of which E. T. Weir is director. Mr. Weir was one of the guests, as was Earl F. Reed, who defended the company's side in the famed Weirton Steel case, and Arthur H. Young, industrial-relations director for U. S. Steel. The occasion was the presentation of a preliminary report on a survey, to be released soon, which deals with the economic effects of the steel code. The study, which will appear under the innocent title of "The Economics of the Iron and Steel Industry," was conducted by the Bureau of Business Research of the University of Pittsburgh, and was financed jointly by the Brookings Institution and the Falk Foundation. The labor section of the survey was made by Dr. Carrol R. Daugherty of the University. It was the report's comments upon Dr. Daugherty's findings that gave the listeners a jolt not unlike the one they received last November 3. Dr. Ralph J. Watkins, the Bureau's director, read among other things, mostly painfully distasteful, the following:

No objective analyst of labor events under the Recovery Act can fail to be convinced that most of the country's wage-earners were ready for collective or group action. . . . The evidence shows conclusively that the great majority of the plans (company unions) were favored and fostered by the companies in order to forestall outside unionization. . . . Steel workers should be organized. . . . Only through organization can the workers protect their interests. . . . Vertical rather than craft organization is called for. . . . Collective bargaining should be on a national basis and not on a plant basis. . . .

In themselves the conclusions are short of startling. They have often been expressed by economists of note. But this is the first time they have been presented under such circumstances and auspices. One of the steel moguls voiced the prevailing sentiment among the group when he complained: "The professors are pecking away at us again."

DICTATORSHIP in Brazil now discards even the semblance of justice by forcibly deporting David Levinson, an American attorney who had been engaged to defend Luis Carlos Prestes and Arthur Ewert. The contention of the government was that Levinson lacked proper authorization. This pretense was blasted in a cable from Paris to the Joint Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People in New York City in which Mrs. Leocadia Prestes disclosed that she had filed with the Brazilian embassy in Paris all necessary legal documents asking Mr. Levinson to defend her son. Nevertheless Levinson was barred and Prestes, gallant leader of the National Liberation Alliance, and Arthur Ewert, former member of the German Reichstag, will go on trial for their lives, not in open court but in the Special Tribunal whose proceedings are secret. More than fifty writers and intellectual leaders in America have signed a cable to President Vargas of Brazil urging him to abolish the Special Tribunal in dealing with the hundreds of political prisoners who have been held by the government since November, 1935, and grant them an open trial with the right to utilize defense attorneys and witnesses. The importance of proper counsel was illustrated by an Associated Press dispatch of February 22 telling of the government's appointment of Heraclito Pinto as "defense" counsel for Ewert. Pinto announced that he would not contest the indictment of Ewert because "his culpability is too evident."

ANDERSON, Indiana, figured prominently in the news about civil liberties last week when Circuit Court Judge Charles Smith denied union attorneys a petition for a writ of habeas corpus to release seventeen jailed unionists arrested by National Guardsmen after a shooting fray on the night of February 12. Union members say that the shooting, in which nine labor sympathizers were wounded, two of them seriously, was a deliberate planned attack upon the union. One of the men most seriously wounded was Heaton Vorse, the son of Mary

Heaton Vorse. The jailed men have been held incommunicado even from their attorneys, while the man accused of doing the shooting has not been arrested. Union officials announce that every effort they have made to see the prisoners and obtain their release has been thwarted by the authorities. Judge Smith, in denying the petition, is quoted as saying that "martial law supersedes the power of civil authorities." The attorneys for the workers, however, point out that the privilege of habeas corpus can be denied under martial law only in case of invasion or any other phase of a state of war. This is the accepted principle, and in denying the arrested men a writ of habeas corpus, Judge Smith is denying them one of their basic legal rights. Unless these legal and civil rights are granted, this may well become one of the classic labor frame-ups in our history.

PROPAGANDA from the two biggest fascist countries, Germany and Italy, has led a good many people to believe that their aggressiveness is largely caused by overpopulation. The campaign they both put on for a higher birth rate makes this look a little silly, and the fact that the birth rate in all European countries has been declining for the past fifty years makes it even a little sillier. It is nevertheless true that the population of most countries is still increasing, owing to the spread between the birth rate and the death rate. But it is calculated that Italy will have an annual increase, ten years from now, of only a quarter of a million, for Mussolini's ten-year campaign for more babies has been a failure, as even he admits. One reason why this is so is suggested by the German experience. Hitler hasn't really had a very long time to put the birth rate on the up-curve, but he has tried a novel idea. The government finances marriages in Germany and makes the loan payable in babies, each baby paying off a quarter of the loan. The result of this has been that the 694,367 marriages on this basis have already produced 485,285 children. This scheme has the virtue of going to the root of the problem; it makes babies an economic advantage instead of a disadvantage, as Mussolini has not, apparently, succeeded in doing. The German government is rather embarrassed, however, by hints that this is the truth of the matter, for it is part of the Nazi credo that a woman will have babies for the glory of the state without bothering about being able to care for them. Thinking of the money involved is considered extremely unpatriotic.

THE American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee is asking continued support for a large-scale project to settle Jews in the Soviet Union in farming communities. One of the ironies of the Bolshevik revolution was that while it brought to Jews in Russia a political and cultural freedom they had not known for centuries, in a high percentage of cases it actually worsened their economic status. Under the laws of the Tsars they were forbidden to own land and thus were forced to go into trades

and professions. Under Soviet rule private trade was outlawed and great numbers of Jews found themselves with neither occupations to give them income nor land to give them sustenance. In this crisis Dr. Joseph A. Rosen, a distinguished agronomist who had been studying agricultural methods in America, returned to his native country with a proposal that urban Jews be given an opportunity to settle upon the land. Under bitter hardships in a war-devastated and famine-stricken land colonists went forth, frequently living in mud huts until timber could be cut to provide material for building houses, with the American Relief Administration furnishing the first help. The results were so promising that in 1924 the American Jewish Joint Agricultural Corporation, known as Agro-Joint, was formed and a fund of \$6,000,000 was provided with the help of Jewish philanthropists. The projects themselves were almost overwhelmed with applicants. The Soviet government matched the Agro-Joint contributions with expenditures of its own and eventually took over and continued the projects with its own financing. It is estimated there are now 250,000 Jews settled on 3,000,000 acres of land in the Ukraine and in the Crimea and White Russia. According to Dr. Rosen, the two main problems of the future are to raise the standard of living among the settlers and to increase the opportunities for absorption of new settlers, perhaps a considerable number from outside the Soviet Union.

TRAVELERS lately returned from Florida report a remarkably good tourist season. Although there is some complaint that many of the winter visitors seem determined to spend as little as possible, their numbers are so large that total expenditures are impressive. At the height of the season, crowds were flocking into Miami at an estimated rate of 5,000 a day. Yachts worth \$80,000,000 were said to be anchored in the bay simultaneously in January. New apartment houses and hotels are rising on every hand, especially in Miami Beach. As a result of all this, and of the general restoration of confidence throughout the country, a new real-estate boom seems to be in the making. Land sales in the Miami area in a little more than a year have exceeded \$70,000,000. Speculators are again buying for a quick resale and a fat profit. Everyone seems to have forgotten the disastrous boom and collapse twelve years ago, long before the beginning of the depression, when thousands of persons were beggared almost overnight. Today's feverish gamblers ride in their cars past many miles of desolate streets, innocent of houses, where lots once sold at incredibly high prices. . . . For generations, the world has marveled at the Italian peasants who build their houses and cultivate their fields on the slopes of Vesuvius although every few centuries the lava comes down and wipes out all the fruits of man's toil. But the peasants, after all, are poor, they have nowhere else to go, and disaster recurs only at long intervals. The Florida land boomers are fairly well-

to-do, they are under no compulsion, and the disaster whose recurrence they invite was only a third of a generation ago.

HARLAN COUNTY, Kentucky, still remains as black a spot on the nation's map as it ever was. With the Kentucky Miners' Defense pushing preparations for another formal appeal to Governor A. B. Chandler to free the four miners serving life terms in the Evarts "murder conspiracy" cases, a new outburst of violence has flared up in Harlan. Bennet Musick, nineteen-year-old son of a representative of the United Mine Workers of America, was slain when a volley of shots was fired into his home in Evarts—his mother being wounded as well. This was the sixth attack recently on UMW organizers or their families in Harlan County. Such attacks are hardly news any longer but the murder of young Musick might well be made the basis of a thorough-going federal investigation of the whole dismal Harlan set-up. Such an investigation would at least help to uncover those who have instituted a reign of terror in Harlan County—a public service that neither the state of Kentucky or its Governor seems willing to undertake.

Progressives and the Court

NOW THAT the Republican commuters of New Canaan, Connecticut, Herbert Hoover, Bishop Manning and the United States Chamber of Commerce have lined up against President Roosevelt's plan to reform the Supreme Court, the chance of its success is greatly increased. Just as his enemies helped so much to elect him last November, now they can help to ensure the passage of this measure. People in general are sure to recognize the same question-begging arguments, the same shrill tones of emotion, the same appeal to large and meaningless abstractions, to which they became so thoroughly immunized by exposure during the last four years that they reelected Mr. Roosevelt by the heaviest landslide on record.

It is not with this type of opposition that we ought to be concerned. The real danger to the bill comes rather from progressive Senators and Representatives who sincerely want something done about the Court and the Constitution, but do not want it done in this way. To them it appears that the necessary permanent reform is a constitutional amendment, and that the President's proposal is an inferior substitute that will let off the steam of protest which might otherwise be utilized as pressure behind what they believe is a more fundamental measure. This position is worthy of respect, and those who hold it are entitled to something better than massed opposition or ridicule. Though we believe they would damage the objectives in which they are interested if their action caused the defeat of the present bill, we can see that their attitude may be turned to good uses.

This result can be achieved, however, only if a wise strategy is followed. The first point to be made is that they are lost unless they do something sharply to differentiate themselves from the reactionary opponents of the proposal. The spokesmen of conservative Republicanism are congratulating themselves that at last the progressive forces of the nation are seriously divided. They believe that a rallying point for reaction has been found in the agitation to protect the sanctity of the Court and the independence of the judiciary. But this is just the position that Senators like Norris, Nye, Wheeler and others have spent many years in exposing. They cannot allow themselves to be lumped with those who, while crying for an impartial Court, really want one that is partial to the enemies of reform, and intend to maintain it. Most of the opponents of the President on this issue contrast the supposed iniquity of "packing the Court" with what is said to be the more straightforward way of submitting the issue to the nation by means of an amendment; but they would also be among the loudest opponents of any amendment that might be proposed, just as they would fight to the end against all the legislation to which any such amendment might open the way. The simple fact is that the conservatives do not want our government to have the power to do things that the progressive Senators favor, and whatever method were proposed to make this possible would be attacked by them as being undesirable in itself or inferior to some other.

How can the progressive forces in Congress who look upon the President's proposal as a second-best separate themselves from the reactionaries? How can they turn their attitude to positive usefulness? It seems to us that the desirable course is clear. First, they should agree among themselves upon the constitutional changes that they favor. They should seek public adherents for these changes, both from those who support the President's measure and from those who oppose it, but particularly from the latter. They should give special publicity to the names of the President's opponents who will not sanction change of any kind. In the meantime they should make it clear that they have made no final decision concerning how they will vote on the immediate issue.

If, after the prospects of the desired amendment have been thoroughly canvassed, it appears that it has a real chance of success, they can go to the President and say with some authority that they will support his project if he will support theirs. In that case the good will not be the enemy of the best. If, on the other hand, it turns out that the President is right, and that an amendment of sufficiently broad scope is not likely to succeed, the progressives can say to the reactionaries—your insincerity is exposed, and you have forced us into the position of taking the best we can get for the time being. For it is important that the government should not be powerless in the next few years, even though no constitutional change can now be achieved.

We should like nothing better than to see a round-robin from Senators Wheeler, Norris, Nye, Borah and the rest sent to the most noisy opponents of the President's proposal, setting forth a program of real constitutional change and asking whether these spokesmen favor it. Nothing would at the moment be more salutary in clearing the air of political confusion. The progressives in Congress will be accepting a heavy responsibility indeed if they allow the present tactics of the reactionaries to build up such an obstruction against doing anything about the Court and the Constitution that the opportunity will be lost for many years to come. And that—make no mistake about it—is just what the reactionaries are hoping to do, with the practical but unwitting aid of these very progressives.

Britain's Navy—and Ours

THE STAGGERING news has come from London that the British intend to spend \$7,500,000,000 on their military establishment during the next five years. On a per-capita basis, an American equivalent would be more than twenty-two billions, as compared with something like five billions that we shall actually spend in this period if we continue on our present scale. Even though part of the burden will be postponed through a large loan, the cost will strain British resources to the utmost. That her government should consider such an enormous outlay necessary is a striking comment on the state of Europe, whose total annual military expenditures have more than doubled in the past twenty-four months, increasing from three and a half billions to almost nine. The distinction Anthony Eden drew the other day between British and German policy is not valid. England may prefer butter to guns, but she will get guns, and precious little butter, for a long time to come.

Of the seven and a half billions to be spent in the next five years, three billions will be for naval construction and modernization, including about ten new 35,000-ton battleships at a cost, roughly, of \$35,000,000 each. This represents a 65-percent increase over the present British battleship fleet, now about equal to the American one so far as capital ships are concerned. The historic British policy has always been to have a navy as strong as those of any two other powers. This policy broke down in practice before the War, when Britain's concern was chiefly to outbuild Germany, and it was abandoned in favor of parity with the United States in 1921 when the 5-5-3 ratio was set up among these two countries and Japan. The tremendous increase now proposed is not an attempt to outbuild the United States; indeed, the British, who regard us as a potential ally no matter how many laws we may write to the contrary, would undoubtedly welcome an equivalent increase in our own tonnage. They are building against Germany and Italy and, somewhat more remotely, against Japan. The British got

the shock of their lives during the Ethiopian affair when they discovered that Mussolini was strong enough actually to threaten their lines of communication through the Mediterranean. They are almost equally disturbed by the German military power, though less on the sea than in the air. They intend to maintain a European fleet equal to the combined German-Italian strength in addition to a much larger force in the Pacific than they have had heretofore.

To Americans, the chief interest in the new British program lies in its effect upon our own policy. For sixteen years, we have gone on the theory that we must have a navy equal to Great Britain's and our militarists have been prompt to come forward now with the demand that if the British are to increase their navy to the tune of another \$600,000,000 annually, so must we. President Roosevelt seemed by implication to support this view in Washington last week. As soon as the British plan was announced he held a hasty conference with the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Charles Edison, after which it was said that this country must push its building program with all possible energy. The Naval Chief of Operations flatly declared that we must of course match the British, ship for ship and gun for gun.

But why the "of course"? The policy of parity was tied to a treaty of naval limitation which never contemplated any such fantastic burdens as the Europeans are piling on their own shoulders today. The policy was inaugurated, moreover, at a time when another world war seemed to most people altogether unlikely. Japan was then nearly bankrupt and the fascist dictators of Germany and Italy had not yet demonstrated that a hundred million civilized Europeans could be cajoled and terrorized into supporting a dreadful burden of preparation for a suicidal war.

Even in 1921 there was no sensible reason for the United States to maintain parity with Great Britain, a parity that is already costing us something like two million dollars a day. The proposal was in part a gesture of response to jingoistic national pride and in part a holdover from the days at the turn of the century when this country fleetingly dreamed of a worldwide empire on the British model. But today we have learned the terrible cost of jingoistic nationalism and our dreams of empire are ended. We are in the process of granting freedom to the Philippines. We have abandoned all but the last vestiges of our effort to rule by force in the Caribbean and Central America. We have, in addition, lost billions of dollars in the attempt to build up a vast foreign trade on the theory that you can export without importing if you will just lend your debtors the money with which to pay for what they buy.

We are told, to be sure, that we are the richest country on earth, that hungry and rapacious foreign powers are eyeing us with envy and that we need a vast navy to defend our golden treasury against marauders. The weakness in this argument is that

we have not created a defensive navy but an aggressive one, or rather, a slavish imitation of the British model. If our real purpose were solely to defend our shores, we should have used our money in quite another way and probably in much smaller amounts. The very fact that for seventeen years we have been insisting, against British opposition, on huge vessels with a long cruising radius shows how utterly nonsensical is the theory that we are interested only in defense.

The supposed basis for our naval operations becomes even more absurd in the light of the neutrality measure reported out by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on February 20. The big-navy men have always argued that an important function of the fleet is to maintain the American doctrine of freedom of the seas in wartime. But if the new law passes, as seems overwhelmingly probable, there won't be any problem over freedom of the seas. American ships and sailors will not carry contraband into danger zones, and our fleet will be without a maritime client.

The American people are confronted by a decision of the highest importance. If we continue our attempt to equal the British fleet at a time when, for purely European reasons, that fleet is to be increased by 65 percent at once and presumably much more in the future, we shall have entered on a course that can only lead eventually to national bankruptcy and to war. The alternative is for us to prepare a military establishment in terms of our own necessities and in the light of the fact that we have renounced any effort to build a worldwide empire. In making this decision, traditional habits of thought, traditional institutions are of no use to us. The militarist who says that because we have always had a navy we must now have a grotesquely inflated one is not being, as he imagines, a conservative. On the contrary he would have us embark on a radical and reckless experiment. The questions we must answer are: Do we intend to live at peace and mind our own business? If so, what sort of military system, and of what size, is best calculated to implement that policy?

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Has Britain Betrayed Spain?

ON THE sixteenth of February the representatives of twenty-seven nations met in London to sign a document pledging their respective governments to absolute neutrality in the Spanish civil war. Portugal, across whose borders the Spanish rebels have been receiving enormous quantities of arms, ammunition and war supplies, limits her coöperation to a special agreement which permits a specified number of British inspectors to patrol the Portuguese-Spanish border—an obviously ineffective arrangement. Her refusal to become a part of the general understanding may turn the whole business into a sorry farce.

Portugal has been bound to Great Britain for centuries by treaties. Her position has always been that of a semi-independent nation enjoying certain advantages and protection in return for absolute allegiance to the British crown. Under the circumstances it is hard to believe that it should require months of negotiation to persuade this vassal of British finance and heavy industries to follow the lead of Downing Street. On the contrary, the impression is strengthened that British diplomacy is completely reconciled to the idea of Spain as another in the chain of European fascist states and that the Non-Intervention Commission deliberately postponed its decision until England, Germany and Italy could be reasonably certain that the insurgents were sufficiently equipped with the mechanical and human requisites for a successful fight to the finish against Madrid.

It is not difficult to see why London should prefer a Franco to a Caballero regime. Hundreds of millions of pounds sterling invested in Spanish enterprises of all kinds by British capital are undoubtedly safer for their British owners under a nationalist government than in a country controlled by a leftist government strongly influenced by proletarian groups. The one element that made Britain fearful at first that Italy might wrest control of the Mediterranean from her grasp is taken care of by the Mediterranean agreement, for the present at any rate. When London, a few years hence, has completed her program of naval and aerial armaments, she will turn her attention once more to Rome.

Remarks in the House of Commons during the last few weeks by Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden justify the suspicion that the Foreign Office has a hard and fast understanding with Franco and his associates on economic as well as political questions of moment, and that the latter have given firm guarantees regarding the undisturbed control by British capital of Spain's British-owned ore and sulphur mines. It is generally believed, also, that General Franco promised, in the event of a nationalist victory, to give Spain a Right-Coalition government

which may or may not take on authoritarian forms as time passes. For the present the Franco government would probably consist of representatives of the various nationalist parties, including the Radical Party of Alessandro Lerroux (without the ex-Premier, who has fallen from grace). After a stipulated period of adjustment of about one year, a plebiscite would speak the final word on the form the Spanish government is to take.

If the British government had come out with a straightforward declaration for fascism in Spain, here and now, it could hardly have hurt the cause of Spanish republicanism more than this sham compromise has done. That Baldwin, Eden, Simon and MacDonald did not do so is not, as one might think, a tribute to public opinion at home. The Labor Party in the House of Commons has been so wholly subservient to Tory government policies in foreign affairs and the trade unions showed so little inclination to take advantage of their strategic position as the strongest organized group in the country, that the government has no cause to fear their opposition.

What gave London pause was her dependence on the support of Paris and Moscow in European affairs. Premier Blum, who has besmirched a splendid record at home with his supine acquiescence to British leadership in the Spanish crisis, has been forced by his followers to take a less compromising attitude toward German and Italian aggression. Not only the Communists, but his own Social Democratic Party comrades as well, demanded a more positive stand, and that in no uncertain terms. Seven districts of the Socialist Party, among them the strongest and most influential sections of the organization, instructed their members in the National Executive to repudiate Blum's policies in the Spanish civil war and to demand immediate and drastic action for Madrid. The district organizations of the Seine and Toulouse went so far as to ask for the retirement of the Front Populaire government if "British influences should continue to outweigh the parties of the Front." M. Blum read the handwriting on the wall and became so positive that his critics in the meetings of the National Executive were disarmed. On two occasions since the Premier and his Foreign Minister, the Radical Socialist Delbos, have had occasion to prove the sincerity of their conversion by making open threats to the German and Italian governments.

The British Foreign Office has sensitive ears and saw at once that the French government needed support against its own adherents. That was the sense of Eden's emphatic assurance that London would safeguard the interests of the Spanish people, on the losing as well as the winning side. Since an

insurgent victory would mean the immediate slaughter of tens of thousands of loyalists, these assurances are meaningless and the Foreign Office knows it. However, something had to be done to justify England's indirect support of Franco's generals and keep the French and Russians from going counter to her interests.

The important question for London now is to keep Germany and Rome from establishing themselves along the Mediterranean. The French and English governments came into possession of documents several months ago which throw light on Italy's occupation of the Balearic Islands. Dino Grandi, Italian Ambassador in London, gave repeated assurances that his government has no intention of establishing permanent possession, but London has her doubts. The Foreign Office thinks it much more likely that Italy is planning the permanent industrial development of these islands as well as their military occupation. Franco and Mussolini deny it but Downing Street is convinced nevertheless that the insurgent generals have given Italy satisfactory guarantees in this respect.

Needless to say, England's almost servile affability toward the Reich has its roots in the Spanish situation. It is not generally known that Germany was much less liberal in supplying the rebels with

arms and troops than her Italian ally. It appears that General Goering was sent to Rome on his recent trip to discover, among other things, just how matters stood between the Duce and Franco. General Faupel, who has just been made German Ambassador to the Burgos "government," heard nasty rumors of a separate treaty. A cable from Rome in the *Voelkische Beobachter* of January 15 which reported that "certain misunderstandings between Rome and Berlin" had been cleared up suggests that Goering's visit had serious significance. The two dictators trust each other less than ever, which permits London to hope that she can play one against the other, with France as possible friend against them both.

One hesitates to predict what will happen in Spain in the next few weeks. Prophesying at long distance is a simple matter, but immediate events are hard to foretell. Franco may win with the help of his Italian and German allies. But after that? The Spanish people had a taste of fascist dictatorship when Primo de Rivera was in power and made short shift of that gentleman's autocratic pretensions. Unless all indications fail, Franco will land on the dustheap of history even more unceremoniously than his predecessor.

LUDWIG LORE.

Twenty Years of American Letters

MOST OF the writers discussed in our series of Revaluations began their careers between 1911 and 1920, at a time when the genteel tradition seemed most oppressive and disheartening. All of them—even Willa Cather—were directly concerned in the revolt against it. But the preceding articles seem to show that their revolt took four directions, each of which was embodied in a different group or school.

In the first place, there was a tendency toward socialism—or perhaps I had better say toward American populism or farmer-labor democracy, since few of the writers concerned in it had any great knowledge of scientific socialism as defined by Karl Marx. This school had a longer history than the others; some of its members were already famous during the muckraking and trust-busting days of Theodore Roosevelt's second administration. Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" (1906) and Jack London's "Martin Eden" (1909) helped to inspire the labor literature of the following decade. At its height around 1916, this tendency was represented by poets like Carl Sandburg, Arturo Giovannitti and even Vachel Lindsay; by critics like Van Wyck Brooks, Randolph Bourne and Floyd Dell; by novelists like Ernest Poole and Arthur Bullard; by journalists like Max Eastman, Walter Lippmann, Jack Reed; and by scores of hopeful young writers

who gave money to the striking textile workers and revolutionary prose or verse to The Masses.

But the strength of this group ultimately depended on the strength of the progressive movement in politics and in labor unionism. After the Treaty of Versailles, and the defeat of the 1919 steel strike, and A. Mitchell Palmer's Department of Justice raids on everybody suspected of being tinged with red—after the country grew tired of fighting for a more democratic government and was eager only for its share of the big money, the socialist movement in literature withered away. Jack London was dead from burning too much daylight; Randolph Bourne was dead of influenza; Jack Reed was buried in Moscow beside the Kremlin wall. Ernest Poole had lost his socialist convictions and most of his talent simultaneously. Sandburg and Van Wyck Brooks were dispirited; Walter Lippmann had gone more than halfway over to the enemy; and Upton Sinclair, though he had changed not at all—though he continued to write and publish and distribute novel after novel—was now being disregarded except in Russia and Germany. Among the younger writers there were only a few, like Dos Passos and Michael Gold, who kept alive the socialist tradition and eventually formed a bridge to the proletarian novelists of the 1930's.

Meanwhile a second tendency, harder to define,

was becoming prominent in the years after 1915. It had first appeared in the group surrounding Mabel Dodge Luhan and her salon. I suppose it could best be described as carnal mysticism, though both these words would have to be explained at length. A letter from a young writer, quoted in Mrs. Luhan's "Movers and Shakers," states the doctrine in its elementary form. "... human flesh and blood, sinew, tegument, bone. That, by the way, is where one finds the mystic in life—not in the saints. The mysticism that has been drenched in the flesh has the color and richness that makes beauty. It is by diving into the flesh that one comes to the limits of the material [world]."

This sounds like a mere echo of Oscar Wilde and the 1890 esthetes. But the tendency I am trying to define was much more complicated; it became mixed with theories like free love and primitivism, equality of the sexes and a simplified form of Freudian psychoanalysis. Finally it developed into the doctrine that all repressions are poisonous and all ideals or conventions false and destructive. The truth lies within: it is a mystical state in which, as Mrs. Luhan wrote, "strangely penetrating intuitions rose to consciousness and I would feel a fire burning in me." But this state is not to be achieved by conscious effort or introspection. Our wisest course is to surrender to natural forces. Instead of striving and wracking our minds, instead of making money and being respectable citizens, we should listen to the wise voices of the body—we should let ourselves go, abandon wife and job and family, follow our mood wherever it may lead us, and meanwhile be heartened in our driftings by the laughter of the happy and unrepressed Negroes.

Briefly, that is the plot of "Dark Laughter," the best of Sherwood Anderson's novels; the hero runs away with his employer's wife and goes floating down the Mississippi. "Diff'rent," by Eugene O'Neill, is a drama that argues the spiritually destructive force of sexual purity as an ideal. "All God's Chillun Got Wings" is the tragedy of a Negro in the inhibited white world. "Holiday," by Waldo Frank, is a novel about a lynching in which all the white people are narrowly Puritanical, hateful and envious of the moral freedom that exists among the Negroes. The same tendency appears in many other writers—in Evelyn Scott, for example, and Paul Green and Paul Rosenfeld. In the earlier poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay, it takes the form of a simple revolt against the conventions that kept women from living honestly or recklessly. In Robinson Jeffers it becomes a complicated protest against introspection or introversion, which he compares with incest and portrays in furious sexual symbols. Indeed, so many writers of talent were connected with the movement that it seemed to promise a rich literary development, and this in spite of the faults that it obviously encouraged—masks and mannerisms (as in "The Great God Brown"), baby talk (as in Sherwood Anderson's later novels) and everywhere a quantity of emotional lushness and

self-pity. The attitude proved valuable just so long as it was inspiring an author to attack the false standards prevailing in American society. But it was otherwise too passive and subjective: it could not help the same author to reach new standards of his own. Little by little it disappeared from the main current of American writing.

In the years after 1925, a third tendency seemed to be triumphant. Fundamentally it was an attempt to compensate for the pettiness and provincialism of American life by creating a literature that would be cosmopolitan, weary, witty and aristocratic—a literature that would deal for the most part with other times or countries, and would approach America only in a spirit of urbane mockery and a carefully mannered style. It was the tendency represented by James Branch Cabell and Joseph Hergesheimer; by Elinor Wylie in her novels; by Carl Van Vechten, Ben Hecht, Lilith Benda, Frances Newman and other writers of what used to be called "the sophisticated school." They wrote stories or essays that were bejeweled and very often bewildering, but the impulse behind much of their work was simple, homely, even patriotic. They wanted to prove that they were not provincial nobodies, good as bread, but genuine tired citizens of the world. They wanted to prove that even Americans could be as wicked and distinguished as the Continental wits.

Many writers of the sophisticated school adopted a pose of indifference that was most clearly expressed by George Jean Nathan in "The Code of a Critic." "I am," he said, "constitutionally given to enthusiasm about nothing. The great problems of the world—social, political, economic and theological—do not concern me in the slightest. . . . If all the Armenians were to be killed tomorrow and if half the Russians were to starve to death the day after, it would not matter to me in the least. . . . My sole interest lies in writing." Now, there was a great deal of guileless boasting in Mr. Nathan's credo. Anybody who had been following his critical writing in *The Smart Set*, the magazine that represented his group from 1913 to 1923, could see that he was enthusiastic about many things of a social, economic, political or even theological nature. But he tried not to be. He wanted to write, and at the same time to be doggedly indifferent to all the emotions that are the subject of great writing. He wanted to be a dramatic critic, yet without concerning himself in the slightest with any of the human conflicts that are the essence of drama. He never even realized that the theatre, which he loved, was being attacked and almost destroyed by economic forces. Eventually he succeeded—with how many others like him—in deadening his sympathies and dehumanizing his reactions to the world. Perhaps the epitaph on all the writers of his school is that they became boring by dint of trying to be bored.

A fourth tendency, one that goes back to the beginning of the period under discussion, is apparently the exact opposite of the third. Instead of

running away from America, like the sophisticated writers, a whole group of novelists and poets sat down to describe the American middle class exactly as it was and lived, suppressing not a wrinkle from the faces, not a stupid remark from the conversation, not even a scratch from the parlor furniture. Most of these "critical realists" were connected with some particular district in the Midwest or the South, so that one thought of them almost as congressional representatives—Dreiser of Indiana, Lewis of Minnesota, Masters of Illinois, Stribling of Tennessee, Ruth Suckow of Iowa—and, in their earlier works, Willa Cather of Nebraska, Ellen Glasgow of Virginia, Edwin Arlington Robinson of Tilbury Town, in Maine. Some of them made picturesque discoveries about their various sections, and thereby stimulated a new interest in American life. But in general they had the same disheartening report to make—a report that was summarized by Van Wyck Brooks in his comments on the "Spoon River Anthology":

It is quite likely, of course, that Mr. Masters, with a reasonable pessimism, has exaggerated the suicidal and murderous tendencies of the Spoon Riverites. But I know that he conveys an extraordinarily just and logical impression. He pictures a community of some thousands of souls every one of whom lives in a spiritual isolation as absolute as that of any lone farmer on the barren prairie, a community that has been utterly unable to spin any sort of spiritual fabric common to all, which has for so many generations cherished and cultivated its animosity towards all those non-utilitarian elements in the human heart that retard the successful pursuit of the main chance that it has reduced itself to a spiritual desert in which nothing humane is able to take root and grow at all.

Reading Edgar Lee Masters' biography (1936), you wonder whether some of the aridity and loneliness was not in his own heart. A stunted and thwarted artist himself (except when he wrote his book about Spoon River), he has tended to find stuntedness and thwartedness in every subject he has treated. And the remark can be extended to many other writers in the same tradition. It is true that frustration and cruelty were common, and continue to be common in America, to a degree that nobody would have suspected from reading the novelists before 1915. It is true that the critical realists were revolting against a personal situation that was almost intolerable. Yet it was partly lack of color in themselves that impelled them to find drabness everywhere; and it was partly lack of insight and perspective that made the different towns and countrysides described in their novels seem evenly monotonous. They could not see the conflicts or the changes beneath the dull surface of middle-class society.

Fundamentally the impulse that produced their work was not very different from the one that guided Elinor Wylie into the late eighteenth century and James Branch Cabell into the never-never kingdom of Poictesme. Both realists and sophisticates were protesting against the lack of direction

and grace and distinction in American life. And this explains why the two schools, apparently with hostile aims, got along so well together, with Sinclair Lewis beating the drum for Elinor Wylie's novels, with Nathan representing the sophisticates and Mencken the realists in the critical department of the same magazine, and Carl Van Vechten buttering both schools with impartial praise.

But the truth is that all four of the tendencies just described were so closely related that individuals might easily shift from one to another. Thus, Floyd Dell became known as a socialist critic, but his first novel was a typical Midwestern autobiography, with elements of sexual mysticism that became stronger in the books he published during the next three or four years. Sherwood Anderson first appeared as a working-class writer, and in one of his later novels he combined proletarianism with mysticism by describing a textile factory in which the machines were sexual symbols. Cabell has written quite realistic studies of Southern life, and Sinclair Lewis, in his own realistic novels, has passages of fancy writing that suggest an undergraduate Cabell. It is obvious that all these writers were held together by forces much stronger than the attitudes or theories that tended to drive them apart. All of them were fighting simultaneously, in their different fashions, against the same conditions disheartening to creative artists. All of them were middle-class, even those who wrote about factory workers or farmhands, and even the sophisticated novelists who prided themselves on being literary aristocrats; Cabell and Elinor Wylie were about the only exceptions. And all of them, even the socialists, were nationalistic Americans at heart. As Sinclair Lewis said at the end of his Nobel Prize address, they were full of the determination "to give to the America that has mountains and endless prairies, enormous cities and lost far cabins, billions of money and tons of faith, to an America that is as strange as Russia and as complex as China, a literature worthy of her vastness."

II

Looking back on the authors discussed in this series, what shall we say about their period as a whole?

One's first strong impression is of the bustle and hopefulness that filled the early years from 1911 to 1916. Everywhere new writers were appearing and marching forward arm in arm against the old standards of life and culture. Everywhere new institutions were being founded—magazines, clubs, little theatres, art or free-love or single-tax colonies, experimental schools, picture galleries, poetry societies, publishing houses that specialized in the new authors—a whole constellation of groups and movements and communities, some of them businesslike and sane, some affected or crazy, but all of them fathered by the spirit of the age. Everywhere was a sense of secret comradeship and immense potentialities for change. "The fiddles are tuning as it were

all over America," old John Butler Yeats the painter used to say, speaking from the head of the big table in Pettipas' restaurant to an audience of struggling poets and critics more tipsy with hope than with Madame Pettipas' red wine. They wanted to prove, all of them, that they were worthy of the exciting age in which they were young.

And yet one's second impression is that this wealth of promises was fulfilled only in part. The fiddles were tuned, and tuned again, but the concert never really got under way. It is true that a great deal of lasting work was produced by the men and women of the new generation. Novels like "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt," like "Babbitt" and "A Lost Lady"; books of stories like "Winesburg, Ohio" and "The Triumph of the Egg"; poems like some of those in "Spoon River Anthology" and "Chicago Poems" and "North of Boston"; plays like "Emperor Jones" and "Anna Christie" will be read or performed or imitated for a long time to come; they have made themselves part of the American heritage. During the same years, and based on similar theories, there was an even more impressive production of scholarly or reportorial books that have scarcely been mentioned in our survey—"Ten Days That Shook the World," "The American Language," "Main Currents in American Thought," "Middletown," "The Flowering of New England," in addition to the important studies of men like Beard and Veblen and Dewey.

Yet even in the face of this testimony, one still has the feeling of promises unfulfilled and powers never translated into deeds or works. I do not think that this sense of failure is due to the actual shortcomings of the books we have been discussing. They show lapses in force or dignity that are indeed depressing—not in the case of Dreiser or Upton Sinclair, whose blunders are so enormous that they become almost a virtue and certainly a mark of personality, but rather in the case of Lewis with his continual nasal jokes that end by being more tiresome than the business men they are intended to hit off, and Hergesheimer with his rhythms tortured to hide a simple meaning, and Cabell with his adjectives that ring false, and O'Neill with his bald and tasteless style that can be made effective by good actors but is as painful to read as freshman themes on Life. The devitalized good taste of Willa Cather's later novels is perhaps still worse than the bad taste of her contemporaries. But worst of all is the realization that hardly any of these writers chose and carried out the work they might have completed. One thinks of all the projects they abandoned—for example the third volume of Dreiser's trilogy that was to be a final comment on "The Financier" and "The Titan" and that for twenty years has been announced in publishers' catalogues without ever appearing; and the labor novel with which Sinclair Lewis was going to round out his picture of American life, the novel for which he interviewed trade-union leaders and made several trips through manufacturing towns and even com-

pleted a long scenario, but without ever being able to take hold of the subject. One thinks of Carl Sandburg traveling round the country with his guitar, a great poet hired as an entertainer for business men's luncheon clubs; one thinks of Van Wyck Brooks retiring from the field of contemporary letters and writing historical portraits completely insulated from the life that used to inspire him to hope or anger. And one cannot help feeling that the talent of all these writers was somehow being diverted and dispersed at the very moment when their work was being praised most extravagantly.

Something happened to blight the promise that had seemed so rich. And in the end one decides that this blight was the War—not the mere effort or the bloodshed, but rather the espionage law, the betrayal of their cause by Socialist leaders, the hopes aroused by Wilson's promises; then after the Armistice the broken pledges, the drive against radicals and the complete victory of big business. Before 1917, the new writers had felt, even though they were rebelling, they were still in the main current of American life—the world was going in their direction, the new standards were winning out, and America in ten or twenty or fifty years at most would be not only a fatherland of the arts but also a socialist commonwealth. Then suddenly all these aspirations seemed ingenuous and the new generation felt itself to be isolated from society; it no longer contained the leaders and comrades of the marching people, but merely the "young intellectuals," buzzing and beating their wings like angry flies—the "intelligentsia," to use the foreign word that marked their strangeness and temporary alienation from the national life.

After 1920 their revolt lost its broader outlines and began to be directed against features of American society that these writers disliked for personal reasons—Mencken, for example, disliked Baptists and yokels; Sinclair Lewis disliked small-town snoopers and small-city boosters; everybody disliked the prohibitionists. By choosing enemies like these, they won dozens of easy triumphs, but the fire had gone out of their fighting. And the writers of the next generation were disillusioned in advance. They did not make the errors in taste of their predecessors—for that they were too well trained and too careful as workmen—but neither did the post-war writers attempt anything very bold or comprehensive. Only Hart Crane, in his epic poem "The Bridge," and John Dos Passos, in the trilogy ending with "The Big Money," tried to measure themselves against the great poets or novelists of other ages. Only Thomas Wolfe seemed to write without self-consciousness or the fear of being caught in mistakes.

In the end, the real achievement of the authors discussed in this series seems independent of the works they produced, and partly independent even of the ideas for which they did battle. Somehow they lifted the burden of provincialism that had

oppressed and disheartened writers in this country. Somehow they broke the old taboos past mending, and made it possible for Americans to write candidly and unaffectedly about their own lives and their intimate emotions. In opening new subjects to literary treatment they were exactly like photographers inventing a new type of film, one that was sensitive to colors and shadings which the older films had failed to register. But beyond all this, the novelists and critics of the 1920's naturalized the profession

of letters in a country that had come to think of writing as a foreign or female accomplishment. They found an audience for serious books and, in spite of their personal failures, they created a new literary tradition. They broke a road for the writers who will some day follow them.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

This article concludes a series of literary Revaluations.—THE EDITORS.

An Englishman Looks at the Court

WITHOUT the full text of the President's message to Congress on the judiciary, it is difficult to judge the exact constitutional significance of the far-reaching proposals he has made. But the outstanding need for some method whereby, short of the cumbrous process of amendments, the people of the United States shall have the assurance that the next four years of the New Deal shall not be stricken by the Supreme Court into impotence is beyond all question. The friends of the President will be glad that, with characteristic courage, he has gone into the field against a judicial usurpation which for the last thirty years has simply enabled the Supreme Court, by a majority decision, to substitute its own view of what is necessary legislation for that taken by the dominant legislative opinion of the time. So great a judge as Mr. Justice Holmes long ago warned the Court against so hazardous an adventure. The political prejudices of its majority have blinded them to the implications of a new age. They have long sought this conflict. It will be a healthier United States when the obscurantism of the Court ceases to be identified with the American Constitution.

Most of the President's proposals need neither explanation nor defense. It is obviously intolerable that an inferior court should be able to delay vital federal legislation for a period that has often amounted to as much as several years. It is obviously intolerable also that grave constitutional issues should be heard without the intervention of the Attorney General as *amicus curiae*. Certain friendly suits, in the last four years, had no other purpose than to prevent the courts from hearing the government's view of the public aspect of the issue. It is clearly desirable, again, that steps should be taken to clear up a disorganized congestion in the lower federal courts which has made some of them for years a byword for inefficiency and delay. The result of this in costs for poor litigants has been very grave.

Obviously, however, these are minor matters upon which, among informed observers, there can be no real dispute. The real struggle will come over the proposal to appoint additional judges, up to fifteen,

where any federal judge who has served for ten years and reached the age of seventy refuses to retire. The purists will argue that the President is seeking to pack the Court for purposes he should have effected by constitutional amendment. Press dispatches from the United States seem already to indicate that this is the line likely to be taken.

On this criticism certain comments are necessary to see the President's action in its proper perspective:

1. The passage of an amendment might take years and, even when passed, it would be subject to the interpretation of the Court. Anyone who remembers what the Court has done with the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments will find it difficult to believe that an effective way round the prejudices of the Court could be found by this means. And in relation to certain types of social legislation the process of amendment might well founder on the reactionary proclivities of some of the Southern states.

2. It is not a new thing in the history of the Court to extend its numbers, and in the past this extension has been welcomed by conservative opinion in the United States because it approved of the object the extension was intended to obtain.

3. There is nothing in the least novel in the appointment of American judges by reason of their political outlook. The late Theodore Roosevelt, when he appointed Mr. Justice Holmes to the Supreme Court, took great care to satisfy himself that Mr. Holmes's view of the limits of federal power was in harmony with his own, and conservative opposition to the nomination of Mr. Justice Brandeis in 1916, on account of his liberalism, is a famous episode in recent American history. Granted the nature of the American Constitution—it is, as Mr. Chief Justice Hughes has remarked, what the judges say it is—for a President to appoint men whose outlook is in general harmony with his own is a maxim of elementary prudence.

What is novel in the President's proposal is the link he has made between his right to nominate and the age of the incumbent of judicial office. Here, I think, we have to remember two things. The American courts are, in a special sense, a third and superior

chamber of the Legislature, and the danger of their operation is always that the postulates of one generation govern thereby the wishes of another. The judge who can put aside his private philosophy is rare indeed, and the call for younger men to refresh that philosophy by the challenge of new ideas is insistent. The Supreme Court has too long forgotten Mr. Justice Holmes's warning that "it is a misfortune if a judge . . . forgets that what seem to him to be first principles are believed by half his fellow men to be wrong." Let us not forget how much of the President's victory last November was an explicit condemnation of the Supreme Court.

Nor must we forget that judicial interpretation of statutes is a special realm in which the habit of the judge is, only too often, wholly at variance with the plain intent of the legislator. Even of England Sir Frederick Pollock could say about judicial interpretation that "some of its rules cannot well be accounted for except on the theory that Parliament generally changes the law for the worse, and that the business of the judges is to keep the mischief of its interference within the narrowest possible bounds." What havoc that doctrine worked, the history of trade-union law and workmen's compensa-

tion has made grimly evident. In the United States the evil has assumed immensely greater proportions. Much recent American jurisprudence is literally unintelligible except upon the assumption that the Constitution intended the judges permanently to safeguard the rights of property as these were understood in the age of laissez-faire. The Supreme Court has, by a majority, chosen to adopt a political philosophy whose major premise is the protection of capitalism from any serious control by the federal government. It is not surprising that even so moderate a liberal as President Roosevelt should, after the experience of the last four years, conclude that such a conception of the judicial office is wholly at variance with the needs of the modern state. Since 1932 it has been difficult to distinguish the philosophy of the Supreme Court from that of Wall Street. It was not to maintain that identity that President Roosevelt was returned triumphantly to the White House.

Liberals all over the world should rejoice that so early in his second term he has set out to deal forthrightly with the central problems of American administration.

London.

HAROLD LASKI.

The Virgins: Problem Children

EARTH has not anything to show more fair" than the harbor of Saint Thomas at dawn as one enters it from the sea, the long arms reaching out to meet the subsidiary islands and forming a perfect basin, the hills rising in gentle folds to meet the skyline, the little town of white walls and red roofs clinging to the waterfront, and dotting with its villas the green slopes above. In the city itself the buildings are of substantial masonry with solid round arches to withstand a possible hurricane, the warehouses along the main thoroughfare leading down to wharves where goods were received and shipped in the days when Saint Thomas was the center of West Indian exchange. In the outskirts, flimsy one-room cabins keep the inhabitants close to Nature; and Nature is capricious. Bougainvillea, hibiscus, trumpet vines, hide the squalor behind a screen of splendor, but in the dry season Saint Thomas finds its beauty rather faded. The only water supply is rain, and unfortunately its mountain chain runs parallel to the trade wind, and merely divides the clouds instead of forcing them to stand and deliver their moisture. The beauty of the hills is marred by great concrete emplacements to catch the downpour for cisterns which sometimes prove inadequate.

The people, about 9,500 of them, seem to reflect the casual and careless spirit of Nature. They are the result of the fortuitous importation of Negro slaves, and their penetration by the white blood

of masters and overseers. Ninety-five percent are counted as Negro. They are easy, affable, cheerful, accommodating. More than 50 percent of the births are illegitimate, and most legal difficulties arise under the bastardy act, which compels a father to pay \$2 a week for the support of a first child, \$1 each for the others. So far from the French formula, "*la recherche de la paternité est interdite*," being in force in the island courts, such research is their very constant preoccupation. It should be added, however, that on the part of the leaders there is a keen interest in the problems of the islands, and eager participation in working them out.

Saint Croix, sixty miles away, represents the provinces in relation to the capital. It lacks the picturesque aspect of Saint Thomas, but in compensation is more fertile and better watered. Its open landscape gives a view of fields of sugar cane, farmsteads and mills. The people, of whom there are 12,000, lack something of the urbanity of those of Saint Thomas, but they are better workers. The two towns, Friedrichsted and Christiansted, at opposite ends of the island, are sleepy country villages.

Saint John, the third virgin, is only an hour by motor boat from Saint Thomas, but remains the most remote in its wild beauty. Its plantation houses and sugar mills, which testify to a prosperous past, are ruins overgrown by jungle and its roads have become bridle paths. There is not a wheel on the island. The 700 inhabitants constitute the most

homogeneous primitive Negro community within the jurisdiction of the United States.

The Virgins were discovered by Columbus and named by him in honor of the authentic Virgin Mary; later they were rebaptized by Sir Francis Drake with the English version of virginity represented by Elizabeth; and finally they were made safe for democracy by Woodrow Wilson. Under such auspices they have enjoyed a history somewhat at variance with their name. Saint Croix was occupied by both the English and the Dutch in 1625, but the Spaniards dispossessed them, to give way to the French, who finally sold out to the Danes in 1733. The Danes had already settled at Saint Thomas, and taken over Saint John. They cultivated sugar cane on all their islands, and for that purpose imported Negroes from the African coast. In 1773 a fierce revolt of slaves took place. For several months they controlled Saint John, until with the help of the French the Danes drove them to the extremity of the island, where they put to death their women and children, and 300 of them plunged into the ocean. This episode is the only contribution of the islands to the heroic saga of Negro history in the West Indies. Saint Thomas, by virtue of its excellent harbor, became a center of trade, a port of call for pirates and merchantmen during the eighteenth century. During the Napoleonic Wars Denmark and her colonies suffered at the hands of the English the later fate of Belgium; but in 1815 the Danes regained their island possessions, and throughout the nineteenth century Saint Thomas as a free port continued to prosper.

The attention of the United States was drawn to the Virgins during the Civil War, when a naval base in the West Indies would have been of use in suppressing blockade-running by Confederate privateers. After the war Secretary Seward negotiated the purchase of Saint Thomas and Saint John for \$7,500,000, but the United States Senate refused to ratify. After the Spanish-American War a second treaty of purchase failed of ratification by Denmark. Finally in 1917, in view of the uncertainties of the World War, the diplomacy of President Wilson and Secretary Lansing annexed the Virgins for the magnificent sum of \$25,000,000.

The experience of the Virgins under the American flag has been checkered. It is true the United States has spent something like \$15,000,000 to make these adopted children feel at home in their democratic environment. Part of this expenditure must be credited to the imagination of that genial group of drunken sailors known as the Shipping Board. On the other hand, the loss of trade suffered by the islands under prohibition was disastrous. Why the Volstead Act should have been applied to the Virgins when other colonial possessions were exempt is a mystery. Perhaps the explanation is that the administration thought it could get away with it in the one case and not in the others. The islands were at first under the Navy Department,

which did a good job in improving sanitation and setting up schools. It maintained a naval station at Saint Thomas which gave employment in compensation for the loss of business under prohibition. The admirals, however, tended to rule by sea law since there was no other. The American Civil Liberties Union used to entertain delegations from the Virgins inquiring about those constitutional guarantees of which they had learned in school. When, however, President Hoover transferred the islands to the Department of the Interior in 1931, and set up a government of civilians, the change was not received cordially. The naval station was gone with its jobs, and this at the height of the depression. Governor Pearson's difficulties were in part owing to the agitation of native politicians who calculated that a little rioting would bring back naval rule with its perquisites. President Roosevelt, however, made a wise choice in promoting to the governorship Lieutenant Governor Cramer, who came to Saint Thomas with the prestige of a successful and popular administration of Saint Croix. At long last Congress was induced during 1936 to pass an organic act for the Virgins delimiting jurisdiction between the federal and the local authorities. The latter will be elected by universal suffrage in 1938. The question of which department is still the leading topic of political conversation in Saint Thomas. One hears much praise of the admirals with their condescending paternalism and their freedom from supervision by Washington. "They knew how to rule." The geographical anomaly of the most exterior of all Eastern possessions being under the Department of the Interior is commented on. The Virginians would like to select their own department. If not the Navy, which was somewhat high-handed, why not War, or the Treasury, or Agriculture? It is generally conceded, however, that today the Interior would win over the Navy in a plebiscite. The attitude of the Navy was expressed bluntly by an admiral who sailed into Saint Thomas during the recent disorder. "The Virgins cost as much as a battleship, and we'd rather have the battleship."

The admiral's statement was an underestimate. The 22,000 inhabitants of the islands have shared generously in the benefactions of the New Deal. The greatest of these, amounting approximately to \$2,500,000, granted out of PWA and FERA funds to the Virgin Islands Company for the cultivation of sugar cane and the manufacture of rum, must be regarded as conscience money. The United States having ruined the chief industry was bound to restore it. To the same high motive must be attributed Secretary Ickes' recommendation to his conscientious fellow countrymen to drink the Virgin Islands cocktail, compounded of rum and lime juice. In this case virtue may be its own reward, and we may be led by the hand of the Virgins to change from a whiskey-soaked to a rum-loving people.

Other good-will offerings include \$151,200 for homesteads, \$192,000 for roads, \$91,400 for the

Bluebeard Hotel and Cottages. In addition the United States supplements the local budgets of Saint Thomas and Saint Croix by \$130,000 annually, an amount decreasing by \$10,000 a year, and has made special grants to supplement local funds for street repairs and water supply and sewers of approximately \$136,000. These appropriations are mainly in accord with the policy of initiating public works to provide employment during depression, and reflect an inevitable weakness in the effort to combine charity with efficiency. Labor costs are extremely high, owing in part to the fact that workers feel themselves entitled to wages as a matter of relief, and in part, it is said, to the fact that the wages paid are too low to keep the workers in condition. There is a lack of competent direction, since foremen and straw bosses must be chosen from those on relief; and technicians are appointed from Washington for political reasons. At all events a private contracting firm estimates that labor in Saint Thomas is only 25 percent as efficient as Negro labor in Georgia.

Obviously there is ground for serious consideration of the future of the Virgins when their *dot* under the New Deal is exhausted in 1937, and they are supposed to come to the age of self-support. It is true that unemployment in Saint Croix is a thing of the past in view of the high price of sugar and the recovery of the good Saint Croix rum. The Virgin Islands Company has rehabilitated old plantations and fostered homesteading by buying the cane of independent farmers. The problem in Saint Thomas, however, remains acute. A first suggestion is homesteading. The neighboring British Virgin, Tortola, has profited by the British policy of dividing the large sugar estates into small holdings, and the Tortolians, who get no relief, bring daily into the market the vegetables and fruit on which Saint Thomas lives. But the soil of Saint Thomas is thin, its rainfall uncertain and its people indisposed toward agriculture. They have for generations looked to the harbor for support. Learning from its success with the Virgin Islands Company, the government would do well to make a single large self-liquidating investment in Saint Thomas, and this should take the form of a graving dock capable of serving the largest vessels in the West Indies trade, and the machine shops necessary to ship repairs. The need for such an establishment exists. The nearest dry dock is at Martinique, too small and generally inadequate to the demand. The government has already recognized the opportunity by deciding to build such a dock at San Juan, Puerto Rico. The advantages of Saint Thomas as a location are obvious. It has always been a center for the West Indies trade and is favorably located with reference to the Panama Canal. It has a natural and historical destiny, emphasized by its prosperity under the Danish occupation and recognized by the United States in its purchase. Its acquisition was a matter of forethought—not an accident of conquest to

soothe the military vanity of a chocolate soldier. The establishment of a dry dock at Saint Thomas will practically ensure the future of the island. At San Juan it will hardly mitigate the condition of the mass of poverty and syphilis to which the United States must sooner or later grant independence.

The other possibility for Saint Thomas lies in tourism. With its delightful climate, never cold and rarely without a breeze to make its heat agreeable, and its natural beauty, it has the advantages of the Riviera. What it needs is better communications with the mainland, larger hotel facilities, more roads to make its beauties accessible, more bathing beaches free from the rapacity of private speculators, a golf course, sail and motor boats. These may come slowly by private enterprise, but a dramatic stroke by government is necessary to give the impetus. Some part of the lavish subsidies to steamship lines which serve no national purpose might be diverted to the needs of the Virgins; a system of roads could be built by an able engineer with labor from Tortola or Barbadoes if the Virginians are too enfeebled by relief. The little island of Saint John is especially attractive to tourists who like sports in the tropics—sailing, fishing, riding.

One conclusion is enforced by the history of the Virgins under the United States. If this country is to have colonies, it should have a colonial policy. It must be admitted that colonies are an anomaly under the Constitution. The tendency has been to deal with them as if they were in the preliminary stage of statehood, and to introduce into the administration representatives of all the federal departments. In the Virgins the Department of the Interior is primarily responsible, but accounts are checked by the Treasury, judges appointed by the Department of Justice, while Agriculture, Navy and Post Office have their hands in the pie. All this means duplication of effort, interference, friction and expense. At one time there were in the islands thirteen representatives of various spending bodies of the government going over the accounts. The worst case of race prejudice arose when two men from the Comptroller's office tried to make the manager of the government-owned hotel throw out a Negro guest who was likewise there on government service. The deplorable rivalry between Governor Pearson and Federal Judge Wilson brought Saint Thomas to the verge of riot and arson. The Department of the Interior has erected a Bureau of Territories and Insular Possessions, under the direction of Dr. Ernest H. Gruening, which should mark the beginning of a unified administration and a real colonial policy. The chief justification of the possession of the Virgins by their protector is to be found in the success of an experiment in educating and conditioning a small population of forgotten men and women to self-support, self-management and the more abundant life, for which they are fitted by character and environment. If this result is measurably achieved, the money so lavishly poured out will not be wasted.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Inside Information

A FEW months ago I went to see a surgeon because of a pain. When he had examined me he said, "Right! Come in any time you like. It will be quite an easy operation."

I spoke of this to a man of experience who said, "No operation is easy. Don't you do it unless the pain gets worse. It would cost you twenty-five guineas and you'd be out for a month."

Later on I went to Copenhagen, with my little pain. Denmark is one of the few countries, as everyone knows, that has escaped the full development of capitalism. Its people knock out a good time, perhaps the best all-round good time in Europe. They work with an astonishing degree of good will. They eat and drink and play with the same good will. But they do not nurse at their bosom a large wealthy class. Not one single surgeon exists, for example, of the economic type that Ireland, even, breeds by the score, and England by the hundred. Their best medical men will charge \$5 for a consultation. In consequence they live in a simple way, just as the government ministers do, and the official class, and everyone else, even the big stockbrokers and big business men.

I asked a Danish friend to recommend a specialist for my interior. He sent me to an eminent physician who at once took a look at me. He did it with a sort of periscope turned the wrong way. "You don't need an operation," he told me. "You never did. You need a diet." And he sent me to his "clinic," his private nursing home.

People tell you that in London a "nursing home" doesn't pay unless they charge sixteen guineas, say \$80, a week. Well, this nursing home was in its own grounds, with a big garden around it, in a quiet part of the city. It was not streamlined in any way, but it was quite clinical. The walls of my room were enameled baby blue. The floor was linoleum. The bathroom had a "geyser" in it. Immaculately clean, with a Spartan air about it, it was still rather comfortable.

Apparently the red tube I had swallowed when under examination had brought up the good news that I was neither too acid nor too alkaline, so the diet had simply to be the kind which a sedentary personage of fifty-four ought to follow. The doctor was an authority on diet. Later on I gave him a book on the pathology of monarchy and he was good enough to give me his book on diet.

The diet I had was not very eccentric. We began the day with *müssli*. This was porridge made of a tablespoonful of raw oatmeal steeped overnight, a finely shredded apple, lemon juice and honey, with lots of cream. This went with a pot of tea and buttered zwieback. Another meal came before noon—half a dozen bits of graham bread well buttered with tiny slivers of tomato or banana or cucumber on them, and shreds of carrot in a bowl, and a little bowl of green salad, with a small glass of

cream and buttermilk to drink. A raw egg with orange juice came at three. Didn't like that. Dinner was exquisite. A sweet soup or a vegetable soup of the thick kind came first. The main dish was either a little boiled fish with riced potatoes—but sincere fresh fish, firm and convincing—or else spinach cooked uniquely in crisp flat cakes, or a small cauliflower au gratin, or an omelette. Dinner ended with a fruit dish raw or cooked. Then at seven or so a final cup of tea with zwieback, buttered.

But no salt, no mustard, no pepper. At lunch, I forgot to say, a boiled egg without salt. At first this seemed to me a dietetic nudism almost unbearable.

After a few days the pain yielded to an irrigation or two—some sort of abrasion had caused it—and then that humble but beautiful routine out of which Carter, Beecham, etc., etc., have made such huge fortunes started to assert itself quite simply without their aid. The muscles were all right, but until I met this sensible physician no one had ever said, "Pills? Nonsense. Never use a pill again."

No sooner had I left the clinic than I collided with hospitality. I came to him straight from a lunch at my publisher's and he smiled. "You had schnapps? Of course. Schnapps, wine, brandy—they are for festive occasions, but unnecessary. Meat or fish three times a week if you like, but not fried, not with brown crust on them. And no white bread. They are unnecessary."

Since then, in September, it has seemed to me that unless you eat meat you don't care so much for a drink. Salt ceases to be a habit if you stop it for a week. That, at least, has been my experience, though probably no two are alike in these things.

But what impressed me about this Danish treatment was the cost of it. In New York, digestively baffled for many years, I had spent a good deal on examinations and grim exercises. Once I joined the YMCA and trotted wobbling around a track in an earnest attempt to overtake Hygeia. It was not successful. But the Dane has studied the sedentary man of our type. With a close knowledge of every fad in the dietetic world, and a firm grasp of human inclination and disinclination, and a mastery of the mechanism, he has worked out a cure for the indolent. But he has not commercialized it. His office was modest. He and his associate wore no super-clothes. His brother, it is true, was a celebrated public man, but the whole social apparatus about him was perfectly simple. Though he knew his stuff on the terms now internationally current, he made no fuss. And the bill for the clinic, four days, was less than \$14, while the bill for nine visits was \$22. Total for my reintegration, \$35.

Still, Denmark is only a small country with no Rolls-Royces in it to speak of. What people really like is Harley Street, where the purring physician has a whole empire behind him, or else a polished doctor on the shining thirty-second floor, financially elevated. They don't want an elderly bearded man in a baggy suit who just cures them for \$35.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Washington Notes

*Roosevelt's Court Plan Goes Ahead—Dissent
from the Report on Farm Tenancy—
Mr. Blackstone and Mr. O'Neal*

MOST NEWSPAPER correspondents here think that Mr. Roosevelt's plan for the reorganization of the Supreme Court will be approved by Congress, possibly within the next ten days. The worst that can happen seems to be that the number of new Justices that Mr. Roosevelt will be able to appoint will be cut from six to three. This would give a theoretical balance of six liberal Justices to six reactionaries, deadlocking the Court. Since it takes a positive majority to declare a law unconstitutional, even this compromise would probably safeguard the future New Deal program.

Administration strategists are moderately encouraged by the fact that no substantial business opposition is yet evident. It is predicted that many business men will be ready to stomach a revamped Court if they can obtain the new NRA that Mr. Donald R. Richberg is holding out to them. The chief organized opposition group so far is that of Mr. Frank E. Gannett, chain-newspaper proprietor, and while Mr. Gannett is affectionately regarded in Washington, he is not considered to be much beyond the pre-kindergarten stage of politics. Mr. Roosevelt's organization is functioning smoothly; Mr. Charles Michelson, recalled from Florida, is turning out a technically flawless propaganda job, and Postmaster General Farley and Mr. Charles West have performed, in at least a few cases, the miracle of transmuting patronage into votes. Nevertheless, it cannot be pretended that the fight is won. The reactionary Southern wing of the Democratic Party is within a hair's breadth of splitting off from the pro-Roosevelt wing, and far-reaching political realignments are still possible.

Last week the report of the special committee on farm tenancy was transmitted to Congress by President Roosevelt. The most interesting thing about it, perhaps, was not the report itself, but the dissenting statement of Mr. W. L. Blackstone, the mild, pious representative of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. Mr. Blackstone said, in effect, that a class struggle is now in progress in agriculture—a struggle in which the interests of the landowner, on one side, and the tenant and farm laborer on the other, are irreconcilably opposed. Such a concept is familiar enough to Marxists, but it was strong meat for official Washington.

Mr. Blackstone was the sole tenant to be a member of the tenancy committee. As he himself put it, he was "the specimen under the microscope." He has the manner of a country preacher, and, in the debates of the committee, he is reported to have been conspicuously gentle and conciliatory. Nevertheless, it seems to this writer that his dissenting statement falls in the class of what the Japanese call dangerous ideas. It is a time-bomb planted on the broad, granite steps of the Department of Agriculture building. One day it will explode with a loud bang.

Mr. Blackstone's statement was politely phrased, but its purport was to place in question the good faith and honor of the Department of Agriculture. In his judgment, the

Department is not fit to administer the proposed new agency for tenants that is to replace the Resettlement Administration. In his statement, he pleads for a wholly independent bureau, to be assisted, in certain contingencies, by the Department of Labor and the National Labor Relations Board. His statement reads: "... Our experience has been such that we [the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union] cannot believe the Department [of Agriculture] will be able in any near future to remove itself from domination by the rich and large landowning class of farmers and their political-pressure lobbies."

This is a serious charge. Mr. Blackstone proceeds to support it with a specific indictment of the county agents of the Department of Agriculture. To judge the merit of his accusation, it is necessary to know something about the organization of both the Department and the Resettlement Administration. For about twenty-five years, the Department's extension service has maintained an official in each of the agricultural counties of the nation. These are the county agents. When the Resettlement Administration was created, it likewise provided itself with county officials, known as county supervisors, with the power, among other things, of recommending tenants and farm workers for rehabilitation loans. The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union charges that the Department's county agents serve solely the interests of the landowning class, and, furthermore, that they have been able to dominate and direct the Resettlement Administration's county supervisors, with the result that no tenants or farm laborers can obtain government money except with the tacit consent of the neighboring landowners.

During the last few days, the writer has placed these charges before responsible officers of the Resettlement Administration and the Department's extension service. The membership of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union is largely concentrated in the region comprised by Arkansas, Mississippi and Tennessee. It is undisputed that many of the Resettlement Administration's county supervisors in this area are former employees of the Department's extension service, and that county agents and county supervisors work closely together. The Resettlement Administration denies that any of its supervisors have been unduly influenced by the county agents, or that the supervisors have discriminated against union members simply because they were union members. However, it readily admits that there have been a regrettable number of "personal misunderstandings" between supervisors and union applicants for loans.

In other states, the Resettlement officials make no bones about the fact that the Department's county agents have hindered the development of its rehabilitation-loan program, and cite particularly Alabama, New Jersey and Texas. The Department answers this by denying friction with the Resettlement Administration in Alabama and New Jersey, but it grants that a "difficult situation" exists in Texas. Limited as they are, these admissions seem to me to give a very definite color to the union's allegations.

As Mr. Blackstone briefly points out in his dissenting statement, there are good reasons for the Department's county agents to serve the landowners' interests, and oppose those of farm tenants and workers. No county agents are paid directly by the Department. They get their salaries from states, counties or the non-governmental American

Farm Federation Bureau, or from varying combinations of these three, supplemented by contributions from Washington. In a half a dozen counties, agents are paid partly by local chambers of commerce. In many places, the American Farm Bureau Federation or chambers of commerce furnish agents with office space, or provide automobiles and gasoline. This system, which most Department officials deplore, makes it almost certain that a county agent will be the instrument of the landowning class, or of business.

The head of the American Farm Bureau Federation, the organization which generously helps pay the county agents, is Mr. Edward Asbury O'Neal III. Mr. O'Neal was a fellow member of Mr. Blackstone on the special farm-tenancy committee, and, like him, filed a dissenting statement. There the resemblance between them ends. Mr. O'Neal is the head of perhaps the richest farm organization in the country; Mr. Blackstone a member of one of the poorest. All his life, Mr. O'Neal has been a landowner and farm operator near Florence, Alabama; Mr. Blackstone is a tenant farmer. On the tenancy committee, Mr. Blackstone's manner was meek and mild; Mr. O'Neal had a great deal to say, and said it in authoritative tones. One of the best parts of the committee's final report was its section on civil liberties for farm workers. Mr. O'Neal is reported to have argued that this section was unnecessary, and, in any case, had no place in a study of farm tenancy. He was reminded by another committee member of the Ku Klux Klan, and its shocking record of violations of civil liberties hardly more than a decade ago. Only slightly disconcerted, Mr. O'Neal is reported to have answered that the Klan was not wholly bad, and that, after all, it performed certain useful things.

In his dissenting statement, Mr. O'Neal strongly attacked the committee's proposal that farms be leased to prospective owners under a forty-year contract, during which period the farm could be neither mortgaged or sold. This device has already been used on a limited scale by the Resettlement Administration and a majority of the committee considered it essential to prevent the same speculation in farm land that occurred, a generation ago, when the government provided free farms to homesteaders. Such a restriction on the absolute right of land ownership, according to Mr. O'Neal, is "contrary to sound American jurisprudence."

It should be added that Mr. O'Neal is now in high favor with the administration. Last week, within a few hours after Mr. Louis J. Taber, master of the National Grange, announced the opposition of his organization to Mr. Roosevelt's plan to reform the Supreme Court, Mr. O'Neal was called to the White House. As these Notes are written, no official announcement has been made of the result of this conference. It is rumored, but not confirmed, that Mr. O'Neal agreed not to join with Mr. Taber, although he is also supposed to have said that his organization could not affirmatively support the reorganization of the Court. However, apparently this was all Mr. Roosevelt expected or wanted. The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union seems wise in wishing the new farm-tenancy program to be under an independent bureau, and as far removed from the pressure of farm lobbyists as possible.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

*Senator Sheppard Turns on the Aged—
Sit-Down de Luxe—The Organized
Disorganize a Disorganizer*

IN HOUSTON a good many people, excited by the President's plan to pack the Supreme Court, wired to the senior Senator from Texas, Senator Morris Sheppard, urging him to oppose the plan. The Senator wired back that he would support the plan. As the plan was based upon the principle that seventy-year-old Justices who refuse to die or resign should be nullified, some of the good Senator's constituents recalled certain of his oratorical lucubrations on the subject of age. It has no important bearing on the issues of this battle, but it does bear relevantly on the issue of human nature and what we can do about it. Some years ago a proposal was made to weed out the aged from the civil service. And on that occasion the Senator, then a Representative, rose in his seat and let go with both barrels and all the tricks of rhetoric at those who underassessed the aged. The piece has found its way into Texas literature and rates down there about on a level with Senator Vest's tribute to the dog in Missouri.

I repeat [said the Senator, turning on the stops] that there has been of late too much of a disposition to neglect and disregard the old. . . . Beneath gray locks may blaze the fires of genius, perhaps a gentle word may awaken in feeble eyes the vision of the eagle. Society in its fatuous adulation of mere youth is falling into serious error. Such an attitude is a contradiction of the truth of history, a violation of all the teachings of experience. There are advantages which age alone may boast. The passions that lash the early years now lie obedient at the feet of reason. The impulses that stirred the youthful soul to violence and sin are sleeping in the cradle of a mature philosophy. No more does anger break in curses or envy hiss its shameful whispers. Revenge no longer prompts the uplifted arm; on the venerable countenance there broods prophetic peace.

The Senator, of course, had not yet read "The Nine Old Men" and the account of how the venerable Oliver Wendell Holmes, when his colleagues got too wordy around the counsel table, would permit anger to "break in curses" and exclaim in exasperation "Christ!" Nor had he seen Mr. Justice McReynolds on the golf links.

But the Senator from Texas waxes more and more philosophical:

The weakness of men and governments stands out in startling contrast with the ideals that experience alone develops and age alone may understand. Contemplation imparts a glory to the furrowed brow as in the silent sunset of a noble life the storms and follies of a world become mere distant echoes. Society must learn again that in neglecting the old it is wasting one of its most valuable assets. It is the general complaint of students of human institutions that each generation repeats in large measure the blunders of former ones; that if each generation could begin at the exact point of knowledge and experience where the other left off the progress of the world would be wonderfully acceler-

ated. This complaint would have far smaller basis if we but learned to heed and love and glorify our older men and women. And, after all, old age is but fiction; there is no old age of the soul.

Then, ending in a burst of poetry, he cried: "Oh, sir, let the crusade against our older men and women cease. The world needs and Heaven consecrates the ripened wisdom of the mellow years."

And now the Senator joins in this great massacre of the six old men. Ah, Senator, do you not know that if some of these old men are bad, they did not get bad after they reached seventy? They were bad from the beginning. And do you not know, Senator, that about the only job an old man is really good for is to be a judge and the last one a Senator? And so we say to the Senator, distinguished in Texas as the great philosopher and secretary of Woodmen of the World: "Woodman, spare those old men."

There is apparently no end to the phenomena which our boiling social system can produce. Thus in St. Louis I ran into a sit-down strike conducted on the most pacific principles. It set, after a fashion, a certain standard of etiquette in this new form of social function. After all, the sit-down striker is a guest and this raises certain problems of behavior for the host.

In St. Louis about twenty-five laundry workers struck. However, they did not "go out" on strike in the old-fashioned way. They "stayed-in" on strike and sat down. There were twenty-one women in the party. And they remained in the plant three days. The feature of this little affair worth mentioning was the conduct of the boss. First, recognizing his role of host, he sent his twenty-five-year-old daughter into the plant as official hostess. Beds were sent in and warm bedding. After all, men and women cannot sit down continuously. They must lie down occasionally. Coffee was supplied the strikers and finally a ping-pong game, lotto, checkers and cards were brought in by the hostess. At the end of three days the host himself appeared and announced he was ready to sign a contract and grant the demands of his guests.

All this is in strange contrast to the manners displayed by Mr. Alfred Sloan. Perhaps Mr. Sloan should have fired his lawyers and hired Emily Post.

Incidentally, I was treated to a glimpse of General Motors strategy. Fisher Body has a plant in St. Louis. The employees were on strike. But some of the employees were not in the union. And so presently a patriot of industry appeared to organize a "back-to-work" movement. His aim was to organize the unorganized strikers. He did not want to organize them into a state of organization; he wanted to organize them to perpetuate a state of unorganization. And so the non-strike leader of the permanently unorganized hired a hall and called a meeting—a "back-to-work" meeting. He announced the purpose of the meeting to the 450 workers present. Then someone moved that the meeting adjourn. There was a chorus of seconds, the motion was put and to the amazement of the leader carried by an overwhelming shout, whereupon the workers present marched out singing the strikers' song, "Solidarity Forever."

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Fourth Theatre Guild

The Masque of Kings, by Maxwell Anderson. Shubert Theatre, February 8, 1937.

I KNOW what it is if you don't ask me," St. Augustin said, and—with no claims to the august—I will say that with reservations as to the last act I enjoyed Mr. Maxwell Anderson's play at the Theatre Guild well enough, if, that is, you don't ask me to discuss it seriously.

The first scene I could have both enjoyed and admired on almost any basis, thanks to Mr. Dudley Digges's reading and to the competent dignity of Miss Pauline Frederick and, also, thanks to the fact that in this scene the lines of the Emperor Franz Joseph were far better than many of the play's subsequent speeches. The scenes following had the interest of intrigue, all manner of disappointed loves and royalties, the noblesse and obligations of crowned kings, and those labyrinthine plottings that stage courts know how to offer. Gradually, if somewhat vaguely, the fact emerged that Franz Joseph had sacrificed much to maintain the Austrian Empire; but that he was still in love with the Empress, in spite of her antagonism, liberalism, love affairs and wanderings, and still loved his son, who had the mother's charm, waywardness and antagonism. Everyone talks a good deal about all this, but the plottings go on just the same, and you wonder what that palace revolution will come to, with the beautiful Vetsera alongside, plus the friends, and plus the spies—among them Mr. Glenn Anders Koinoff, played very well indeed and most convincingly.

You gather that Rudolph is the hero of the piece, though plainly his drift is toward the nebulous in poetic images and the romantic confusion among stage revolted-princes. The dramatist, in sum, is plainly on the son's side, against that bloody and plotted old regime that Franz Joseph maintains, it is frankly admitted, by hard work and a strong sense of duty to his dynasty as against the warm accesses of the new and free, the people, the rights of man. And so the old Emperor, you see is more or less the villain of the piece, in the same sense as that familiar stage hard father who wants his daughter to marry well instead of happily. So far, so good, and there are *faibleses* and fever charts in the style of l'Aiglon—who in history, not in Rostand, seems to have been intelligent enough, as well as six feet tall—though l'Aiglon Rudolph Anderson never gets up to the declamatory pitch of the French role. (High declamation being in itself a form of reality.)

Rudolph, faced with the necessity of kingship, sees that he will have to be as death-dealing as his father before him, whereupon we have a very nice bit where the old Emperor, captured by his son and sentenced to death, throws himself between the son and a would-be assassin, because Rudolph has longer to live and reign, "and send the name on." This is a recognizable motif for everyone in the audience. "Sir," Rudolph says, "have you joined my rebellion against yourself?"

Franz Joseph. Why, lad, I've won! I've won!
What I want is to leave a king behind me
such as I see you are!

All this is very jolly, and some of the speeches that follow have a kind of banner sound, as when Mary Vetsera says:

Once I heard you say
a king might be a man, but a man with power
to make men free.

Mme. Bernhardt's *L'Aiglon* could have done that very handsomely. But to take it, and the play generally, as some profound comment on humane government, princes and the common soul of man, is quite another matter. The best I can do on that point is to inquire whether Mr. Anderson is too good a theatre man to bother with it, or too bad a thinking man to cope with it.

Nevertheless it seems to me we could call the play up to now quite entertaining, a quality never to be despised. Then comes the third act. Following the story's pattern, the third act may be taken as a suicide pact between the dramatist and the drama. More of that anon. At the moment we may take the cudgels for Mr. Anderson against a brace of typical objections to the piece, as one heard them in the lobby, shall we say? Some thought the whole thing should have been more brilliant, even gay. I see no reason for gayety at least; and remembering Tolstoy's portrait of Prince Andrew's visit to the Hapsburg court, we may support the dramatist here despite the operettas. Or perhaps the tailoring at the Guild roused this lament for brilliance. Except for Mr. Leo G. Carroll's, who managed to get matters somewhat smart, the men's costumes were like a high-school rented joke; or if such a thing might be, items from a shop for expectant gentlemen. Even the utmost liberation, after a World War, cannot argue that the Hapsburg tailoring, at least, was like this.

The objection to these modern characters talking at times in meter and poetical figures cannot be sustained, any more than the reproach of departure from actual events, whatever such may have been. Esthetically the principle holds that the artist is free of his material. He may treat actual facts or actual people as he chooses—at his own peril of course.

You may well object, however, to such dispersion and vapor as you find in, for example, Rudolph's souging passage—a mere dot amidst a garrulous, large pattern of poeticisms—about the ills of his threatened kingship—

... we'd mix
our mortar out of the shambles of the dead
to build new bastions where more men might die
defending me, and my throne! If you're a soldier
you should know this.

If you're a soldier, you should know that this is poetry where the image is merely made up, and the dramatic point scattered. This objection applies very sadly to the third act, where Rudolph goes off into a sheer licking of lyric chops. The speech revelations are too explicit, the repetitions of favored motifs are too banal, rolled under the tongue. See, for example, even the last two lines of the play. But the fact remains that these objections have nothing to do essentially with poetry as a dramatic medium.

The Emperor Franz Joseph of Mr. Dudley Digges is in every sense an addition to the play. With repeated performances it will no doubt acquire more of a certain surface authority. Otherwise it is marked with inner pressure, dignity, and a profound sense of what may well have been within this arid, disciplined, old and yet vehement soul. What's more, Mr. Digges reads his lines up to the top of

their metrical possibility and sense stress. His technical method seems to me to have grown in directness; the fine integrity of his playing is the same as always.

STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

This is such a queer war that the Generalissimo Franco finds himself placed before an almost unprecedented action, by being forced to take a city of a million inhabitants, which, by its being the capital of his country, he cannot take by assault, with the aid of all the different war material of which he disposes, in spite of its being defended by a crowd of mercenary foreign soldiers.—*Letter from an American business man traveling in Spain, quoted in The Hampshire (Northampton, Mass.) Gazette.*

Lord Halifax is different from any other British politician in that he is so clean-handed everybody trusts him.—*From a cable by Frederick T. Birchall in The New York Times.*

Profit-sharing alone will not solve the problem. It was tried by Procter and Gamble as long ago as 1887, when it failed for the reason that it was paid in cash and the employees spent their extra money as fast as they got it.—*Article by President Deupree of the Procter and Gamble Company, in Food Industries.*

Addressing the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, Representative Virginia E. Jenckes, Democrat, of Indiana, said: "I ask you to compare photographs and you will fail to find flagpoles on the buildings in Moscow and you will fail to find them on top of the buildings in Washington.

"This is a real attempt by the propagandists," she said, "to remove from the gaze of the citizens the emblem which visibly reminds them of the blessings of the democratic form of government and makes it possible for a few evil-minded citizens to control the wealth and actions of the masses."—*A.P. dispatch in The New York Herald Tribune.*

I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES

Nazi efforts to salvage raw materials from wastage produced a crop of conservative theorists. One estimates that if dish water were retrieved and refined, the total saving in soap would be quite incalculable.—*From The Commonwealth.*

COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

Domestic Help Called Scarce Due to Relief. . . . So acute is the situation that one agent suggested a campaign to "erase the social stigma attached to housework." He advocated the creation of "Maid Appreciation Day"—a day, he explained, in which "maids would be respected."—*Headline and part of an article in The New York Herald Tribune.*

HOW RUDE OF THEM TO DIE OF IT

Mussolini was gentle; he gave castor oil to those whom he disliked.—*George E. Sokolsky, in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Trotsky and Civil Liberties

SIR: In the editorial on the Moscow trials in your issue of February 17, a paragraph sums up what we actually know about the trial briefly as follows: that a number of Old Bolsheviks were accused of plotting against the existing Soviet government; . . . that they all fully confessed their guilt on all counts and were condemned in consequence. "That," the paragraph concludes, "is in essence all we really know."

It seems to me that this summary is marked by serious omissions. We know also that Trotsky has denied all the accusations made against him by the Moscow defendants and claims to have incontrovertible proof of their falsehood, which he seeks to submit to an impartial international commission of investigation. He has also declared himself willing to abide by the findings of such a commission even to the extent of delivering himself into the hands of the Soviet authorities if the commission finds him guilty. We also know that Trotsky claims to have in his possession documents which prove the falsity of the story of Holtzmann that he and Trotsky's son met Trotsky in Copenhagen in 1932 and has offered to produce them for the inspection of such a commission. We know that Holtzmann claimed to have met Trotsky in 1932 in a Copenhagen hotel that had been torn down in 1917 and that this is only one of many such details in the stories of defendants which are disproved by known facts or contradicted by presumably credible witnesses. We know, to give only one other instance, that the Norwegian authorities in charge of the Oslo airport on January 31, 1937, wired the prosecutor Vishinsky that no foreign airplane had landed at the airport in December, 1935, refuting the story of the defendant Piatakoff that he had landed there during that period while on his way to visit Trotsky. . . .

The editorial refers also to the court's statement that there was "documentary and other conclusive evidence . . . excluded . . . from the public trial for reasons of policy." Believers in civil liberty have every reason to distrust such a statement. In the Dreyfus case, which is probably still considered the greatest frame-up in modern history, it was this argument and the hint of grave international complications if such evidence were published, that obtained Dreyfus' conviction at the first trial. There was, of course, no such evidence, but for years its existence was used as a bogey to frighten would-be revisionists into silence. . . . One need not be a Trotskyist, I think, to demand more conclusive proof than this of guilt in a defendant who consistently and steadfastly denies it.

MARTHA GRUENING.

New York City.

No Women for President?

SIR: Dr. Roswell G. Ham, president-elect to succeed President Mary E. Woolley at Mount Holyoke College and until this semester an associate professor of English at Yale, is reported to have said that the controversy over his appointment has so far had "nothing to do with the education of women." As an alumna, although not a member of the Committee of One Hundred, I should like to answer his statement. The trustees have asserted that they wished from the beginning to find a woman for the presidency, that they made a thorough search and were unable to discover a suitable woman who was available.

Now, no one has any reason to expect that Dr. Ham might not make an excellent college president. There is nothing, however, in his modest academic record, as set forth by Mr. Alva C. Morrison of Boston, chairman of the Board of Trustees, to indicate qualifications greater than those of many women who are also Ph.D.s and associate professors, with scholarly work in a limited field to their credit and the personal qualities necessary for effective leadership.

If the trustees preferred a woman for president and were unable to find one, then the whole question of the effectiveness of the education of women arises. For one hundred years American men and women, rich and poor, have given millions of dollars to build

buildings, create endowments and pay educators to train our young women. If leaders are not to be found among them when a woman's college needs one, is it not time to restudy and reevaluate the methods and objectives of the higher education of women?

ELIZABETH PORTER WYCKOFF.

New York City.

Two Minds in Toronto

SIR: As a subscriber to The New Republic and a senior student at the University of Toronto, I was doubly surprised to read in the morning papers that your journal had been virtually banned by the University of Toronto. . . . While the Chief Librarian's action probably does represent the community of Toronto, it does not represent the University of Toronto. It does not represent a prevalent opinion among the students, for I have yet to meet one who condones the action. Nor does it represent an important point of view among the members of the staff, several of whom have been outspoken in their criticism of the Librarian's action.

For the city of Toronto, I, in common with other Canadians from coast to coast, hold no brief. But the University of Toronto has long had a reputation for high scholarship and liberal tradition. That scholarship and that tradition are not sullied by the Librarian's action. Rather does his letter to The New Republic reflect the mid-Victorian atmosphere that characterizes the community on the north shore of Lake Ontario, and its temperamental inability to read past the opening pages of Freud, Jung and Shaw.

ARTHUR J. COLE.

Toronto, Canada.

Black Man's Burden

SIR: In her review of "Negro Songs of Protest" [The New Republic, December 30] Miss Constance Rourke grandly asserts "their explicit bitterness is not typical of Negro songs as we know them." Why the inclusive "we," Miss Rourke?

Even back in slave days, while some of the so-called spirituals were undoubtedly devotional chants of bamboozled slaves, others—any number of them—had hidden allegorical significance in their religious symbolism. They were actually the forerunners of the contemporary material such as I assembled and published as "Negro Songs of Protest." And the Southern masters were as ignorant of the real sentiments beyond the veil of religious symbolism as are the whites today of the true import beyond the doggerel and ribald parodies.

Miss Rourke's references to the book I edited were coupled with her review of "Negro Folk Songs as Sung by Lead Belly," transcribed, selected and edited by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. The very day the latter volume appeared on the stalls I was chasing about town with Ledbetter (Lead Belly) in an effort to get him on home relief—an urgent case. And he sang for me:

Aught's an aught, figger's a figger
All for the white folks, nothin' for the nigger.

Did Mr. Lomax ever hear Ledbetter sing that song? Of course not! When I examined most of the standard volumes of Negro folklore and could find in them no root or connection with the peonage, the poverty, the degradation, the savage brutality of law and the lynching mob in the South today, I decided there was something wrong. I cultivated and cemented confidences with the Negro workers; I lived and sharecropped with them. I didn't begin to "collect" songs in the usual haphazard and superficial way—I dug deep in the subsoil slowly, patiently for the best part of fifteen years. And I unearthed "Negro Songs of Protest." I have hundreds of these songs. I'm returning South next week for another crop. And I'm convinced Miss Rourke will have ample opportunity in the next few years to correct her opinion.

New York City.

LAWRENCE GELLERT.

A Constant Reader Protests

SIR: A letter to any publication signed Constant Reader is usually published. As a constant reader of The New Republic since its first issue, I wish to voice my protest against your including in the issue of February 17, the vulgar article, "Private Life," signed by Francis Hackett.

MARY R. SANFORD.

Old Bennington, Vt.

Mr. Hearst's Fake Atrocities

SIR: The latest phase of the Hearst newspapers' anti-communist campaign apparently is taking the shape of photographs of alleged "Red" atrocities in the Spanish civil war. On February 8 I find six atrocity pictures, most of them showing mangled bodies, carried in The New York American. It is interesting to note that, according to the captions, at least two of these pictures were taken in the province of Badajoz, one at Badajoz itself and another at Talavera la Real, not far from Badajoz. Again, according to the captions, these pictures were taken *after* the capture of the town by "Reds."

The plain fact is that neither of these two towns was ever taken by the "Reds." At the beginning of the Civil War they remained loyal to the Madrid government, having voted strongly for the Popular Front in the election of February 16. Both towns were, however, captured by the rebels (with the considerable help of Portugal) about August 15 and at Badajoz itself there occurred in the bullring the most horrible massacre of the war, the details of which have been verified by so many foreign correspondents that they are impossible to doubt. Could it be that the caption writer got his facts mixed and that these pictures, instead of representing "Red" atrocities, show the deeds of the rebels? . . .

ROBERT NEVILLE.

New York City.

Homage Where Due

SIR: We beg for space in which to record our faith in the power of a good life as illustrated in the career of a friend, the late Professor Albrecht Mendelssohn Bartholdy. We do this with all the more urgency because the press of his native land has sought to cover his grave with the blanket of silence.

Albrecht Mendelssohn Bartholdy was the great-great grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher of the enlightenment and friend of Lessing. He was the grandson of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the composer, and the son of Karl Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the historian. In his personal life he reflected all aspects of his many-sided heritage. Highly gifted in music and having a deep interest in history, Bartholdy chose civil law for his university career, and became the most earnest student of Anglo-Saxon law in the Germany of his time. At the outbreak of the War, he was professor at Würzburg and he distinguished himself during the War by his generosity to British prisoners. From Würzburg he migrated to the University of Hamburg, and founded in Hamburg the Institute for Foreign Affairs and the America Institute.

Bartholdy was a member of the German peace delegation at Versailles. "The peace began badly," he later remarked to a friend, "behind barbed wire, the first post-war concentration camp." He was among the three editors of *Die Grosse Politik*, that forerunner in frankness, which helped to bring about a more truthful record of war origins. If second in point of editorship, he was first in the matter of instigation.

It would be difficult to find in all western civilization a person who labored more tirelessly for a reconciliation of peoples after the War or contributed more by his own effort to bringing about that consummation still so ardently desired. In a singular manner Bartholdy combined technical scholarship of the highest order with public service in domestic and foreign affairs. To the last he clung to the hope that something might be saved for humanity from the wreck of Europe, and he made great personal sacrifice in this hope. He could have saved himself by yielding, but he scorned that subterfuge and chose the fate of an exile in the autumn of 1933. He died at Oxford University, where Balliol College had

generously offered him a new field of work in the days of his adversity, on November 27, 1936, at the age of sixty-three.

CHARLES A. BEARD, EDWIN BORCHARD, STEPHEN DUGGAN, SIDNEY B. FAY, ABRAHAM FLEXNER, FELIX FRANKFURTER, CARL J. FRIEDRICH, FELIX GILBERT, EDUARD HEIMANN, HAJO HOLBORN, ARTHUR N. HOLCOMBE, JOHN A. KINGSBURY, CLARA MARIA LIEPMANN, KLAUS LIEPMANN, KARL LOEWENSTEIN, HUBERTUS PRINZ ZU LOEWENSTEIN-WERTHEIM-FREUDENBERG, FRITZ MORSTEIN MARX, ERWIN PANOFKY, JAMES T. SHOTWELL, HANS SIMONS, FRANK W. TAUSSIG, ALFRED VAGTS.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

A bill forbidding compulsory military training in tax-supported educational institutions of North Dakota has been passed by fair majorities in both houses of the legislature, Edwin C. Johnson, of the Committee on Militarism in Education writes us. The bill is now awaiting action by Governor Langer, and Mr. Johnson urges our readers to write him asking him to sign it.

March will see the publication of the first issue of *The Beacon*—Chicago's Liberal Magazine, Sydney J. Harris, the editor, writes us. It will welcome writing on political and literary topics as well as short fiction and poetry, which should be sent to Mr. Harris, 3037 Argyle Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

A request that our readers arrange small parties to raise funds for food, clothing and medical supplies for the Spanish people comes from Myra Goddard of the American League Against War and Fascism, Room 411, 45 East Seventeenth Street, New York City. The League is affiliated with the North American Committee for the Aid of Spanish Democracy.

A memorial to the late Representative Marion A. Zioncheck, who until his illness had an enviable record as a progressive, is being established in the form of a Library Fund, Melvin Quammen of Seattle, Washington, writes us. Contributions should be sent to C. B. Francis, Treasurer, Marion A. Zioncheck Memorial Fund, 304 Lyon Building, Seattle, Washington.

Irene Thomas announces to us the formation of the Southern resident labor colleges finance committee, of which she is secretary, for Commonwealth College and Highlander Folk School. These colleges, which train labor organizers to work in the poverty-stricken South, may be supported by sending funds to the committee at 18 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

The murals by Diego Rivera in the New Workers' School of New York City having been moved at considerable expense, Bert-ram D. Wolfe, director of the school, appeals for funds to cover the cost of installation. Contributions should be sent to the Mural Fund, New Workers' School, 131 West Thirty-third Street, New York City.

What's on the Air?

Lady Astor, Representative Caroline O'Day, Lena Madesin Phillips and others on international "Women in Government" program. Friday, February 26, 3:45 P.M., CBS.

President Frank Ayedelotte of Swarthmore College, Dr. Lyman Bryson and others discuss the question of educating school children for peace, at luncheon meeting of the Public Education Association. Saturday, February 27, 2 to 2:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Dr. George Gallup gives the latest tabulations in the poll being taken by the Institute of Public Opinion on President Roosevelt's Supreme Court proposals. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, March 1, 3 and 5, 6:35 P.M., NBC-Red and Blue networks, except station WJZ in New York City. (WEAF carries program in New York.)

The struggle for the right of trial by jury dramatized by the United States Office of Education. Monday, March 1, 10:30 P.M., CBS.

Notable musical broadcasts of the week include: Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, Wednesday, March 3, 1:45 to 2:45 P.M., NBC-Red Network; regular performance of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Saturday, March 6, 2 to 5:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; concert of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Sunday, March 7, 3 to 5 P.M., CBS; Detroit Symphony Orchestra, with soloists, Sunday, March 7, 9 to 10 P.M., CBS.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

American Mosaic

HISTORY is not, of course, the biography of great men—not even, despite certain tempting evidence, of crazy men. But it is so intermingled with biography that no historian who tries majestically to ignore mankind and trace only movements, to press all the juices out of the past and concentrate it into tabloids of generalization and abstraction, can be either living or true. The majesty of history so conceived, as Macaulay once noted, resembles “the majesty of the poor King of Spain, who died a martyr to ceremony because the proper dignitaries were not at hand to render him assistance.” That is why “The Dictionary of American Biography,”¹ now completed in twenty volumes, seems to me significant as a living repository of American life. The movements and the abstract forces are there for any reader who wanders sufficiently long through its pages to find—but they are submerged in the movement of individual lives.

That these volumes include a vast panorama of American civilization is no accident. They were so planned. Their editors deliberately included all kinds of lives and all kinds of men. In addition to the Jeffersons, Emersons, Stonewall Jacksons, Harrimans and Beechers, we find the Siamese Twins and Knut Rockne, Ebenezer Brown, inventor of detachable collars, George C. Tilyou, who whirled the patrons of his amusement parks down steep slopes and made them “undergo weird experiences in dark chambers,” Eddie Foy and the seven little Foyes, Bob Fitzsimmons, whose wife petitioned to exhume his corpse “to remove the diamonds that studded his teeth”—a fantastic sideshow to the great main tent of American life.

It would be easy, of course, even with names of greater weight than these, to quarrel over some of the choices and exclusions. The Dictionary took over ten years to produce; it embraces 13,633 articles running to more than 11,000,000 words; there are bound to be oversights as well as differences of judgment. All such cases, however, could probably be handled in a single supplementary volume. The standard of editorial accuracy and fact-checking has been high, far surpassing that of the British “Dictionary of National Biography.”

Considered purely as a work of reference, then, an outline of biographical data, The Dictionary is a tremendous achievement. But its editors aimed even higher. While adhering to a standard of absolute impartiality, avoiding rhetoric and partisan bias, they desired that the articles should convey the characters of their subjects and paint the historical and social backgrounds of their lives. These very aims, however, are frequently incongruous and sharpen occasionally into incompatibility. They account for those weaknesses that flatten many of the articles into mere dead fact-retailing and that riddle the intended objectivity of many more with unrealized assumptions. Despite numerous brilliant exceptions, the Dictionary loses force both as biography and as history through this ambiguity of focus.

Character in biography is an intersection between the personality of the subject and that of the biographer. It

can be true to fact, it can be convincing in interpretation; it cannot be scientific. Efforts to banish all coloring and maintain complete objectivity can result only in the gray statistical monotony of an unenthusiastic obituary. The ideal of judicial detachment results in the article on Daniel Drew giving only the faintest idea of his cynical manipulation of legislatures and judiciaries, and in that on Carnegie saying of the Homestead strike that “certain misunderstood events” led to his being criticized. The first John Jacob Astor, who during the War of 1812 bought government bonds at 80 cents on the dollar, paying in bank notes worth half their face value; James Gordon Bennett, that innovator in sensational journalism; the predatory Jay Gould; the machine politician Boies Penrose; Widener, the traction magnate; Judge Gary, who declared that U.S. Steel could not function on less than a twelve-hour day; these and many others convey no sense of personality at all.

Happily this kind of objectivity is often ignored. Many readers will feel that Professor Charles Seymour is bent on doing less than justice to Woodrow Wilson’s opponents, but he makes Wilson vivid and clear. Washington and Franklin have been brilliantly handled by writers who make no bones of admiring their subjects. It is somewhat less than admiration of Edwin Forrest that quotes William Winter’s characterization of him, “A vast animal bewildered by a grain of genius,” and the same is true of the description of the elder Cornelius Vanderbilt as “loud, rustic and coarse in speech . . . a big, bumptious, ruthless, tobacco-chewing, hard-headed, hard-swearng, hard-fighting man.” But only when their authors have had courage to take a position do the articles achieve their professed aim of portraying character as well as stating facts.

When a point of view is ejected from the front door, furthermore, it is apt to seep in through the cellar or drain into the waterpipes. An impartial stand is too often only an unconscious one. That stand on the whole in The Dictionary is one of unvaried conventionality and conservatism. Revolutionary ardor is laudable among the founding fathers, and a certain violence may be praiseworthy in the Abolitionists, but even the importance of a member of the Adams family will be found “neutralized” if he talks of “the domination of the bankers and the approaching collapse of social institutions.”

It would not be fair to say that the biographies whitewash men like Jay Gould, James Buchanan Duke, Leland Stanford and H. C. Frick, but there is seldom any interpretation of their careers, and the details are often much sketchier than the known facts. Of Huntington and the Central Pacific we are told that “the books of the company that did the work were subsequently destroyed”; of Thomas C. Durant that “much money was used but no actual proof of bribery” ever adduced; the account of James J. Hill is laudatory, emphasizing the constructive value of his work. Only in a few places—such as Jim Fisk’s telling a congressional committee investigating the disasters of Black Friday that the money they were trying to trace had “gone where the woodbine twineth,” and a quoted pronouncement that Thomas Fortune Ryan’s operations with the Metropolitan Street Railway “should have committed many of the participants to a penitentiary”—is there anything like a clear insight into the shadier aspects of American finance.

For the most part little effort is made to appraise the machine-politicians, the Coxes, Hannas, Platts and Matt

¹ The Dictionary of American Biography, edited by Allan Johnson and Dumas Malone. Permanent editor, Harris E. Starr. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. 20 vols. 12,685 pages. \$250.

Quays. Tweed is more vigorously handled than most; Cox is taken almost at his own estimate, a political boss "because of my peculiar fitness." Blaine's resistance to attempts to "expose his private business" is explained by saying that his standards were not below those of many other public men. Nelson W. Aldrich is described as having been "bitterly misrepresented," and this phrase occurs in an article that almost lauds his "scornful silence in 1892 on the subject of his investments."

A detachment that is so complaisant to the corrupters of American life might well be generous to its critics. We find no more than a cold statement, however, of Altgeld's position in the Pullman strike and the Haymarket anarchist convictions. The summing-up on Debs conveys the impression that he was warm-hearted and honest but a little weak in the head; the articles on reformers like Joseph W. Folk and Tom Johnson are brief and colorless; those on labor leaders like Gompers, John Mitchell and Meyer London are usually fair but uninspired; nothing is done to vitalize the leonine energy of the elder La Follette. (There are praiseworthy exceptions: notable among them the colorful little sketch of Mother Jones, wherever labor troubles were acute, flashing defiance from behind her spectacles "alike at distant capitalists and at nearby company guards and militia"; and the excellent article on Veblen's "savage attack upon the business class and their pecuniary values, half concealed behind an elaborate screenwork of irony, mystification and polysyllabic learning.")

The great weakness of "The Dictionary of American Biography" is thus the refusal in general of its editors and contributors to admit the necessity for a point of view. Men and events can never be merely described and analyzed, like a chemical compound, because their meanings are relative to a scheme of values. With the impossible canon of objectivity here laid down, some of the articles necessarily fall into an unfocused blur and others into rickety and half-hearted assumptions, only half-realized, such as we have noted. There is no central core of clearly realized interpretation as there was in the great achievement of the French Encyclopedists, and therefore readers have no guiding thread to the significance of its parts. They must constantly be hunting for the concealed attitude masquerading, for the most part unconsciously, under the guise of objectivity.

Such a dictionary as this could have been a great document in appraisal of what a civilization has so far accomplished, what its culture means to those who draw their sustenance from it. A clearly realized and avowed orientation of its materials could have all the authority and many times the force of the present work. It could be equally scrupulous in its adherence to fact and provide as well those planes of reference that alone can give significance to facts. But "The Dictionary of American Biography" speaks to us with an authoritative voice only of facts; it gives us no ringing interpretation of their meaning. Truth must be braver than this: there is no significant truth without a few distressed outcries to proclaim it a lie. Much of the history of the United States lies in these 12,685 pages, but it is there in chaos, in embryo, and those parts that have been given any form largely refuse to admit and take responsibility for themselves. This Dictionary is the million heaped fragments of a mosaic, the bits of brilliantly colored stone and glass from which an epic rendering of America might be made. But they remain a mountain of slag and splendid fragments, waiting to be given a form of meaning and power.

EDGAR JOHNSON.

Nobleman and Grocer's Son

The Final Struggle: Countess Tolstoy's Diary from 1910. New York: The Oxford University Press. 410 pages. \$2.50.

Anton Chekhov: The Voice of Twilight Russia, by Princess Nina Andronikova Toulmanova. New York: Columbia University Press. 254 pages. \$3.

COUNTRESS Tolstoy's diary of 1910—the year when Leo Nikolaivitch couldn't stand it any longer and left home to die of pneumonia in a railway station—where it concerns the Countess, is of interest only to psychiatrists or addicts of sob-stories. But where it concerns the man who almost literally ploughed the fields that received the seeds of the Russian revolution, it is of interest to everyone, if they can stand its dreary lamentations.

What comes through is first the class struggle in chiaro-scuro: Tolstoy representing the "repentant noblemen," initiating for the people the new order; Sonya Andreyevna a sufficient symbol of the old order, who can't conceive of civilization without serfdom. Red army and white army in male and female.

What is in it too is the sordid war between the man of genius and the conventional woman whom more often than not he chooses to marry. Her inadequacy and his resentment made for Tolstoy some twenty-five years of punishment; and they turned his wife into a miserable hysterical wreck.

Beyond that I read into the diary of this quite tiresome woman (with annotations from Tolstoy's diary and footnotes from all those near him in the final year) a further element in the struggle. Not only his manner of life but he himself caused the conflict. Tolstoy was Christ, to be sure, but he was also his own St. Peter and St. Paul, with a hint of God the Father thrown in: shepherd, patriarch and dignitary in one. Christ left home at twelve, and when they spoke to him of family, he said, who are they? Rimbaud likewise. They were unadulterated revolutionists. But something kept the grand old Russian entrenched at Yasnaya Polyana until the age of eighty-two, and then he escaped half-crazed, not quite responsible.

He said and wrote that he stayed out of Christian love: "When in doubt . . . take the decision that involves the most self-denial." But did it? Wasn't he having his cake and unconsciously eating it too? He caused his wife three miscarriages and thirteen children, some of whom he enjoyed. He wanted to divide his estates among the peasants, but she persuaded him it was his duty to make them over to her. Thus necessarily he shifted the arduous management to her along with the blame of feudal tyranny—not really in effect getting the worst of the deal. As she points out, he relished the meals, and enjoyed the service, secretaries, doctor and horses. And he converted his house into an assembly place for the intelligentsia of Europe, as only one of the leisure class could do.

Of course the inconsistency tortured him: there were times when he could not be loving; that irked him too. Year after year he threatened escape; she threatened suicide; he stayed on. In a word he was not the pure *révolté* who kills to cure. He was the great liberal, embodying a paradox, which perhaps eats at the core of all revolution as it passes from impulse into practice. The very scope and system of his thought required an establishment back of it, and some one to run it.

On her side Sonya Andreyevna led the life of a hotel-keeper and farm-manager, as well as mother of thirteen and untrusted editor of a giant among writers:

30th July: Do not get anything done all day. Bustle, the daily task of arranging about food, visitors, getting the rye sown, repairing the cellar, and so on. For all of which I get everlasting reproaches and condemnation, and have *materialism* imputed to me.

Her neurasthenia is not surprising. Notwithstanding, her potent husband had instilled in this unpromising subject his habit of work. She worked from morning till late night. Not the least of her labors was over his manuscripts, in the race she thought she must run with the villain of her diary, Chertkov, to whom Tolstoy had entrusted publication after death: a race to get her commercial edition out before his free one.

Finally before she went to bed she never neglected the diary, no matter in what frenzied jealousy of Chertkov or anguish of neglect she found herself. The result, rarely spontaneous and never brilliant, has in itself, however, the merit of pointing two morals: Jealousy is the most hideous of vices; Christian love the most fatiguing of virtues.

Princess Toumanova in her study of Chekhov quotes from a letter of his of 1894:

Tolstoy's philosophy influenced me very deeply for six or seven years. . . . Now something in me rebels against it. Reason and justice tell me that in electricity and steam there is more love of humanity than in chastity and abstinence from meat. . . .

This is followed by another letter of 1900:

His illness frightens me. I fear the death of Tolstoy. If he should die, there would be a great emptiness in my life. First of all I never loved anyone as I love him: I am an unbeliever, but of all faiths his is the nearest and the most congenial to me. . . . When there is a Tolstoy, it is pleasant and agreeable to be a writer. . . . As long as he lives bad taste in literature, triviality, impertinence, bitterness will be relegated to the shadows. . . . There would be great confusion without him.

For mineral gems like these, of which there are many, I am grateful. But her tonality is wrong or inadequate to give us back a temperament which has the gleam of delicate, modern, steel implements, more than that of silvery dusk. She takes her theme from Gorky, who once wrote: "Reading Anton Chekhov's stories one feels oneself in a melancholy day of late autumn. . . . Everything is strange, lonely, motionless, helpless." But, she misinterprets and discolors Gorky's impression when she says: "Indeed it was in a queer world of silvery twilight and dark shadows that the gentle soul of Chekhov took refuge in a desperate fear of life."

Proceeding with that as her text, she confuses the poem with the poet, his "unheroic heroes" with the hero, Chekhov, who gave contour to their vagueness. He was of course not more strange or lonely than genius always is. Nor is "gentle" the right word for his soul. A man is more exacting than "gentle" who says: "I love intelligent, neurotic people, politeness, wit." And more violent than gentle who advises: "Do write how this young man squeezing the slavery out of his system drop by drop, awakes one morning and feels that in his veins runs no longer the blood of a serf but the blood of a real human being." Moreover, what made Chekhov's unique brilliance was exactly his fearlessness. He had the daring of impartiality that resisted the fashion of his day (as of ours) to join with causes: "People who are united by opinions or by a common cause condemn free and

broad thought, especially if they are unimaginative or unintelligent."

Apparently Princess Toumanova had hoped to make of this son of an unfortunate grocer the voice of her own kin, the now unfortunate aristocracy. But, as she became intimate with her material, her intelligence led her to more accurate implications. Chekhov, beginning in her book as the humorist, ends as the all-seeing author of "The Cherry Orchard," the clarinet voice announcing, whether you were glad or sorry, the revolution. And she is detached enough to indicate that he was more glad than sorry.

Especially clear-headed and robust is her outline of Chekhov's background—from the 1840's to the 1910's: the period of the scientists, the materialists, the reformers, "the repentant noblemen like Tolstoy and Kropotkin, who, as she points out, sparked the explosion. Her work is a token of the Russian temperament, its cultural edge, which long ago created a kind of poignant fairness of the spirit in aristocracy as well as intelligentsia. They were the privileged classes who used leisure to advantage, of whom this princess is a gracious remnant, and Chekhov, the grandson of a serf, an immortal.

With this cultural inheritance for protection, it is difficult to think that the present Soviet regime will forget for long its revolutionary impulse or betray the Tolstoyan heart and the Chekhovian brain so clearly at the source of the new order.

DOROTHY DUDLEY.

This American Democracy

Intelligence in Politics, by Max Ascoli. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 280 pages. \$2.50.

INSTEAD of being a manual for the incorrigibly intelligent, this is an attempt at an estimate of our capitalist democracy, our bourgeois paradise of the United States, done in the Latin-Gallic style of "suggestive" generalizations and paradoxes. The pessimistic Dr. Ascoli has scanned well all the familiar contradictions between *de jure* democratic institutions and liberties in America and *de facto* formalization and restriction of the same. We have naïvely entrusted our destinies to economic forces, unmitigated by political, religious or cultural traditions; we have "learned to accept the huge differences between general sweeping rights and actual enjoyment of them." Our democracy is amorphous, yet as "arbitrary," "impersonal," "cruel" to its unfortunate or insecure subjects as any dictatorship. Moreover, its political program under a regime of "everybody and nobody" rejects intelligence in favor of vulgar political professionalism. Yet, "This is the world we live in." Intellectuals have always suffered from censorship, declared or implicit. They need not be more attached to democracy than to any other system, though they are visibly better off under it (!) They had better take no action, but continue to work out "patterns" for men of action to use. (Not Rex Tugwell, but Walter Lippmann.) All these judgments are put forward in a tentative rather than a dogmatic spirit.

One ends by wishing that Ascoli would make up his mind. Like other cultivated foreigners, from Bryce to André Siegfried, he points out qualities in our civilization which we natives smugly overlook. On the other hand, he has the failing of taking seriously many a time-honored dodge whose uselessness we all understand and ignore as a national joke.

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Three Novels

Another Such Victory, by Clifton Cuthbert. New York: Hillman-Curl. \$2.50.

AS EARLY as the late fall of 1933, Horace Gregory noted in *The Herald Tribune* "Books" that even the rental libraries were experimenting with cop-slapping heroines out of deference to a growing appetite for the class struggle in fiction. Since Clifton Cuthbert, for a long time, wrote for the rental-library trade, it is not unnatural that his latest novel, which deals with a textile strike, should bear the marks of his early apprenticeship. It is too ambitious an undertaking—and too considerable an accomplishment—for anything less than the carriage trade.

There is something slightly incredible about Vera Damas-zek, paragon Communist strike leader, young and beautiful, yet so rooted in the faith that for pages her conversation consists almost solely of expositions of the theory, history and practice of the class struggle. These long disquisitions are tiresome, but not nearly so tiresome as the inane conversation of the bourgeois characters; small-town society folk. Their frustration is generally expressed by taking a drink or several drinks, or inviting one another to take a drink or several drinks. There are enough sex entanglements to add a dash of paprika, but the reader attuned to "*Scarlet Flames of Passion*" or "*Often a Mother but Never a Bride*" will find them pallid enough.

Al Lyman, whose family's holdings in the Lyman and White textile mills have shrunk to practically nothing, begs his mother for money, hangs about the Seville Grille with others of his set, almost never eats, being sustained by one double Scotch after another. Nevertheless, he is momentarily attracted by Vera's ash-blond beauty or her fiery spirit or both, and he pulls strings to free her when she is juggled for distributing communistic strike leaflets. Vera repulses Alan and in the wind-up he is pretty much at loose ends. He turns (unenthusiastically) to the girl to whom he has been engaged for a long time. Anybody can see that he's going to be cuckolded, but it is equally obvious that he won't give a damn one way or another.

Mr. Cuthbert's prose is not without its merits, leanness being the chief one, and his grasp of narrative is firm enough. All of the ingredients of a first-class strike novel are here, but the movement, the passion, the rich red blood are not.

JACK CONROY.

Of Mice and Men, by John Steinbeck. New York: Covici, Friede. \$2.

GEORGE and Lennie are two drifting ranch hands who dream, as rootless men do, of a piece of land of their own, where they will "belong." They have never been able to work up a stake because big, blundering, simple-witted Lennie keeps getting them into trouble. He can never remember things. He tenderly loves puppies and mice but always forgets about not squeezing them too hard, and kills them. Fabulously strong but very timid, he is quite docile in the hands of George, the pilot-fish of the pair. George feels that Lennie has been given into his keeping. He controls him by talking about the rabbit farm they will have one day, where Lennie may look after the rabbits if he is good—for George too is webbed in the dream. They come to work in the Salinas Valley and it is there, among the people they meet at the ranch, that their story is worked out.

This story has that common denominator of most good imaginative writing, a shadow of the action that means

something beyond the action. But the underlying theme (of the danger of dreaming) never clogs the primary story. The book is well contrived and effectively compressed, driving ahead with straight and rapid movement, as magnificently written as Steinbeck's other four California novels. He again shows a deep understanding of both place and people, and his presentation of the ranch and its daily life has the gleam of actuality. The people, human beings reduced to bareness of thought and speech and action, are on the side-tracks of the main line of western culture. They exist in a hard reality but most of them are susceptible to dreams. Some of them are lost in compensatory dream-images of themselves, others are set afire by the wish-dream of George and Lennie. But in one way or another all the dreams and some of the people (both good and bad) are smashed: a spirit of doom prevails as strong as in Steinbeck's fellow Californian, Jeffers.

A writer deep in the ways of his own people feels (in many cases unconsciously) a racial compulsive: the actual and mythical experience of his people helps generate his material. But the final shaping of it depends upon the artist's own vision. In the present story Lennie is cast up from the midst of us and we all know him. Baffled, unknowingly powerful, utterly will-less, he cannot move without a leader. And we also know many Georges, good-heartedly trying to help the Lennies of life muddle through; but all the while, despite their courage and good intentions, none too certain of themselves. John Steinbeck sees them as unable to prevent their charges (or often themselves) from steering into catastrophe. In book after book his protagonists, tragic or comic, are shattered; and it goes hardest with those who had the brightest dreams. It is disturbing to find these men of good will so consistently going down in spiritual defeat or meeting with a brutal death.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

Told With a Drum, by Edward Harris Heth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

THROUGH the eyes of a little boy, Mr. Heth reviews the wartime tragedy in the home of his grandfather Telling, mayor and once respectfully loved citizen of a large Middle Western city. The house in which they live, and all its occupants, reflect the sad bitterness between Grandpa and his youngest daughter Hertha, who has married Francis Radcliffe, passionate propagandist for the Allies. Only after the personal stake on each side is eliminated by the death in battle of both Hertha's husband and grandpa's German son and grandson is any relationship reestablished, a relationship of shells. It is one instance of intimate civil war too likely to repeat itself in a country of many hyphens, and it is told with economy of pathos and a nice quiet fidelity to reality. The city is recognizable as the most German-American of our communities; the description of the Avenue, the lake and the river bridges on a cold fall afternoon are nostalgically vivid to anyone who has lived there. But the case chosen by the author is too limited; the battle narrows down to a conflict between the austere old-line German and his Americanized daughter rather than to a struggle between the larger issues of hysteria and reason. The Tellings were subjected to persecution, but Grandpa, rather a Tartar in his home, fanatically following the Hindenburg line, asked for it. I wish Mr. Heth had told the more important story of those German-American families whose sons made up the regiments from the Middle West, and whose German-American parents were persecuted for no other crime than common sense.

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Go Down to Egypt Land

The Nile: The Life-Story of a River, by Emil Ludwig. New York: The Viking Press. 631 pages. \$5.

TO STAND on the parapets of Cairo's citadel and look down upon the huge tract of desert and river is to be faced by an unforgettable contrast. So green and fertile is the Nile valley, and so pale and arid the limiting expanses, that it is not long before one begins to think of Nile and desert in terms of symbols. To Napoleon they were symbols of good and evil (the more obvious conclusion) and to Ludwig, who is primarily a biographer, symbols of man and his environment. Accordingly we are given here the "life" of the Nile, from the stage of its parenthood in Lakes Tana and Victoria up to its goal and death in the Mediterranean.

Ludwig has omitted little. This is not only a book of the river itself, it is an encyclopedic account of animals, birds, tribes, rulers and subjects from Ethiopia to Alexandria. But the river is the *leitmotif* and is treated romantically, while the lives of the numerous, diversified tribes are seen from a far more realistic angle. The building of the great Assuan Dam and the checking and conserving of the river at many points of its course are presented as a romance of engineering, but the Egyptian fellah, whose life hangs upon the romance, is shown against the background he demands. It is an easy and a profitable book to read. Both the romance and the realism, however, suffer from a certain suavity of style that saps the book of much of its energy, and often one has the impression that a hot, rich subject is being described from under a nice, shady tree.

RICHARD VAUGHAN.

Contributors

LUDWIG LORE who for fifteen years was editor-in-chief of *The New Yorker Volkszeitung*, is a German-American journalist. He now writes a daily column for *The New York Post*.

HAROLD LASKI is a member of the faculty of the London School of Economics and has written numerous volumes dealing with economics and political science. His most recent book is "The Rise of Liberalism: The Philosophy of a Business Civilization." His statement in this issue appeared also in *The Manchester Guardian*.

EDGAR JOHNSON has written a study of biography during the last four centuries. It is called "One Mighty Torrent: The Drama of Biography," and it will appear in March.

DOROTHY DUDLEY has published "Forgotten Frontiers: Theodore Dreiser and the Land of the Free"; "Venus" translated from the French of Auguste Rodin; "Mussolini Red and Black" from the French of Armando Borghi, as well as poems and articles in various magazines.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is the author, among other books, of biographies of Zola and Rousseau and of "The Robber Barons." He is spending the winter in Key West working on a new book.

JACK CONROY is the author of "The Disinherited" and "A World to Win." "Any Place but Here," written under a Guggenheim Fellowship granted in 1935, will be published in the fall.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE is book editor of the new review, *Midwest*, and is writing a book on D. H. Lawrence.

RICHARD VAUGHAN, author of "Chalk and Cheese" and translator of Dr. Alfred Adler's "A Challenge to Mankind," has traveled widely in Africa.

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